

CANADA'S UNTOUCHABLES



The Story of
The Man Without
a Home



BY REV. ANDREW RODDAN

First United Church
Vancouver, B. C.

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VANCOUVER CITY COLLEGE LANGARA

B. C. STUDIES

TO
MY HOMELESS
BROTHERS

*"The fowls have holes, and the birds of the
air have nests; but the Son of Man hath
not where to lay His head."*

Matt. 8:20.

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THE BREAD LINE

By Bertou Bralley

*Well, here they are—they stand and stamp and shiver,
Waiting their food from some kind stranger's hand,
Their weary limbs with eagerness a-quiver
Hungry and heartsick in a bounteous land.*

*"Beggars and bums?" Perhaps, and largely worthless.
Shaky with drink, unlovely, craven, low,
With obscene tongues and hollow laughter mirthless;
But who shall give them scorn for being so?*

*Yes, there they are—with gaunt and pallid faces,
With limbs ill-clad and fingers stiff and blued,
Shuffling and stamping on their pavement places,
Waiting and watching for their bit of food.*

*We boast of vast achievements and of power,
Of human progress knowing no defeat,
Of strange new marvels every day and hour—
And here's the bread line in the wintry street!*

*Ten thousand years of war and peace and glory,
Of hope and work and deeds and golden schemes,
Of mighty voices raised in song and story,
Of huge inventions and of splendid dreams;*

*Ten thousand years replete with every wonder,
Of empires risen and of empires dead;
Yet still, while tasters roll in swollen plunder,
These broken men must stand in line—for bread!*

come and share in all its abundance of good things which a beneficent providence has so amply provided for all, but which the few have grabbed, before the others could get their share.

Surely we have enough intelligence and organizing ability to face this problem. In time of war it would not take long to mobilize every last man, equip them with clothes, boots and everything they required and send them out on a mission of destruction. What we need is the heart and the will (we have the resources) to organize these men, (*eliminate the wasters*,) and deal with them as a distinct problem, and give the others work and wages to keep them in decency and self respect.

It is true that the governments, Federal and Provincial, have made some attempts to solve the problem, but they have not seriously dealt with it as a national problem, and so we face another winter with these thousands of homeless men at our doors.

Now is the time to help them, at present they feel that they are not wanted. The municipalities steer them off, because if they are arrested as vagrants, they become a charge on the municipality, and it costs a dollar a day to keep them, so their word is—"keep them moving." The C. P. R. police advise the men that it is better travelling C. N. R., and the C. N. R. police return the compliment, and there you are.

The contractors who usually employ large numbers of these men in the building of public works put up large signs, "No Men Wanted." They read the same legend at the factory, the mine, and the lumber camp. The men begin to feel, what's the use, nobody wants us.

At night if they seek a shelter to crawl into, they are liable to be rudely awakened by the night watchman, who is afraid of a fire or theft, and they are told to move on in very unparliamentary language.

If they call at your door unkept and dirty you are scared, and get rid of them as soon as possible.

They pass by the doors of the great cathedrals and churches and wonder what kind of welcome they would give to them or to Him who said, "He had not where to lay His head."

They drift into the missions in the downtown area where sometimes they find a friendly hand extended to them or they make hypocrites of themselves in order to get the tea and coffee given out at the close of the meeting.

It was John Wesley who said, "No man was ever converted with cold feet and an empty stomach."

These men know that the organized Christian church has not done very much to help them with their problems. Many of

Canada's Untouchables

THERE are over 50,000 men of all classes and conditions drifting hither and thither across the Dominion of Canada today. They are a problem to themselves, and to the whole country. You can see them by the hundreds on the freight trains, or you may meet them hitch hiking on the main highways. There is a look of hopelessness on their faces, their clothing is in a terrible condition, and they are deteriorating morally and physically at an alarming rate as they are hounded from place to place.

Premier Bennett has just issued a manifesto to the Knights of the Road from Calgary, Alberta, in the following statement:

CALGARY, Sept. 6.—Free travelling by unemployed transients on Canadian railways is to be stopped.

Prime Minister R. B. Bennett announced today railway and police officials would be instructed that by September 30 all riding "on the rods" was to be stopped, and that the law covering this act was to be rigidly enforced.

It would be a difficult task, he thought, but it would be done.

This movement of unemployed from one part of the country to another by riding on freight trains was one of the greatest evils the country has ever seen, the Prime Minister declared. The railways had not been able to cope with the situation, but with reinforced police aid all riding in this way would be eliminated entirely.

I want to assure the premier of Canada that this is not the way to solve the problem, and the railroad companies know full well that they cannot stop these men from travelling or their property will be damaged, and the municipalities do not want them because they still have to be provided for. The men ought to be organized into a working army and put to work for reasonable wages under proper conditions.

They are *not wanted* in the land which gave them birth, or for which they fought in the world war, or which invited them to

these men, as I have found out, were brought up in the church, and have been bitterly disappointed at the indifference of many of the churches to their needs. Like one of old they have said, "No man careth for my soul."

They stand outside the office of the daily press and read about the sayings and doings of the politicians. It does not take them long to realize that some of the politicians are more interested in the graft they can get out of the relief funds, than they are in the welfare of their unfortunate brothers.

You will see them standing in the bread lines hundreds of men long, wondering why it is that in a land of plenty like Canada with elevators full of wheat they should have to beg for bread and be denied the right to work.

Many of them suffer untold agonies of pain because of lack of medical attention. Their clothing gets filthy, their bodies are tormented by vermin, and open sores. Their feet sticking through what is left of their boots. The collapse comes and in a dirty lodging house or clean hospital they give up the struggle and pass out. The other day I buried three of them at one time, no one knew who they were, or where they came from or to whom they belonged. They were "The Unknown Hobos," but they were somebody's boys just the same.

Some of these men are driven to think and do some terrible things, in two days I had three men in my office who threatened to do violence to society and themselves. Some of them do it quietly by turning on the gas jet, or jump from the end of the dock into the sea.

Many such as those whom I have mentioned harbour a terrible grudge against the whole social order, and by committing a robbery, they hope to get something for nothing, and if they come within the clutches of the law they know they will get food and shelter.

Many of them have a pathetic sense of loneliness, especially those who have come from good homes, there are times when it is heart breaking to listen to their story. Now when father and mother are gone, and the other members of the family are scattered, memory torments them into madness as they face the world with that utter sense of being forsaken by their fellow men.

As many people in the old land will be reading this book, may I say a word to you. Some of you are wondering why it is that you have not heard from your boys, I will tell you, they are ashamed to write and let you know of their present condition,

they have told me so and some of you will never hear from them again.

They are so discouraged with the continual battle against terrible odds that they have lost heart, and many of them are on the verge of despair. I know whereof I speak because I meet thousands of them in my work here in Vancouver.

When they left the Old Land it was with high hopes and bright visions of a new opportunity in Canada. They had the right to be optimistic, because some alluring pictures were painted by the representatives of the government, and shipping companies. The Government wanted settlers, and the steamship and railroad companies wanted fares, so they hunted through Europe and the British Isles until they got their quarry and then let them sink or swim when they came to Canada. These men of whom I am writing are among those who have sunk.

We must recognize that there are many personal problems to be considered.

We are reaping the harvest of a short sighted immigration policy, and an agricultural, economic and industrial system which has outlived its day.

Thousands of these men were brought out to work on farms, and in the days of boom construction, contractors were glad to see the crowds of big able bodied men coming into the country. The Government failed because they had no adequate follow up system. They lost track of these men, and so they have drifted to the cities to swell the ranks of the unemployed. The contractors were glad to get rid of them when the work was done and now they have no obligation to provide for them in this time of depression.

That is part of the reason why they have begun to drift.

Wherever they go they feel they are not wanted. There is no work, no hope, no place for them. They are *Canada's Untouchables*. They are deteriorating morally, physically and in every other way.

Hounded about from place to place they have made themselves some strange places of abode, such as you will see described in this book.

You will agree, my friend, that there must be something radically wrong with a system which allows human beings to live like the beasts of the field. Indeed the cattle and hogs are better cared for in many cases than some of our fellow men. The beasts have a shelter and food provided for them, and laws to protect them against the ravages of foot and mouth disease. Watch how quick the authorities will respond when an outbreak

takes place, but how indifferent and apathetic these same authorities are when it is a matter of derelict, homeless men.

Public opinion needs to be awakened to the magnitude of this social problem before it is too late.

Many of these men are of the finest type possible, but because their appearance is against them we judge them as hobos and tramps, and bums.

For example here is a case in point. A man who is a master mariner, qualified to take any ship out of the Port of Vancouver, came to me and asked for my help. He wanted to go to Toronto as he thought he might have a chance as captain of a private yacht on the Great Lakes. He had command of this ship a few years ago.

I gave him a letter asking the police and authorities to let this man through as I could vouch for him as being of good character and ability.

Had you seen him on the freight, wet and cold, because he crossed the mountains on an open box car, in a snowstorm, the first time in his life, I repeat, had you seen him, you would have classed him as a bum.

It is not true to say that these men do not want work. There is a percentage of them who never will work and they are definitely in the ranks of the unemployable, but I am sure that 90 per cent. of them would welcome an opportunity to work.

The tragedy of the present situation is the ever increasing number of young men who are being recruited from our high schools and public schools, who cannot find work and they are joining the ranks of this great transient army of "Untouchables."

As you read this story I trust that it may create in your mind and heart a more sympathetic attitude and understanding of the problem of the Homeless Man, and that you will do all in your power to remove those conditions which compel so many thousands of our fellow men to live under such inhuman conditions.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Out on the roads they have gathered — a hundred thousand men—

To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf in his den.

Their need lies close to the quick life as the earth lies close to the stone;

It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

*They ask but leave to labor for a taste of life's delight,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses watertight.*

They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands,

They who have bodies like knotted oaks and patience like the sea sands.

And the right of a man to labor, and his right to labor in joy,

Not all your laws can strangle that right nor the gates of hell destroy,

For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,

And it will stand on the last of things, on the dust of crumbled thrones.

THE JUNGLES

WHEN you think of a jungle you imagine a dense tropical forest with heavy, tangled undergrowth, where the light of the sun rarely penetrates and which is the haunt of wild beasts and savage men. The jungles of which I write and the ones which I describe in particular, present a very different picture before the mind.

They may be found in clumps of wild bushes or among the trees, on the side of a stream, by the side of the road, near

the railroad tracks, or in a disused lumber camp or factory. They are to be found in Australia, India, Japan and in Great Britain as well as in Canada and America.

Look at the picture and you will see that this jungle is composed of crude shelters made out of old tins, boards, boxes, disused motor cars, anything and everything, gathered from the dump heap near by and formed into a rough shelter into which crawl, not animals, but homeless men, without saying their prayers, feeling as the Psalmist felt when he said: "No man careth for my soul." Their bellies slack and gnawing with hunger, they lie down and go to sleep, while the other half sleep in hotels and comfortable homes. In the jungles they look up at the stars, and the rats are the only animals to be found there.

From Toronto and Halifax across Canada to Vancouver, along the main lines of traffic, close by every city and village, they are to be found. It may be only a temporary place sheltering one or four, or it may attain considerable proportions like those of which I have made a closer study. The people may not be aware of its presence, but it is known to every hobo who is riding the rails as the word is passed along. The jungle is to the hobo what the auto camp is to the tourist. A place where he can rest up and prepare for the next day.

I shall not forget the impressions that were registered on my mind on my first visit to the jungles right in my own parish in the city of Vancouver. There was a mental and moral revolt that made my heart feel sick that it could be possible in this young country of Canada to have a situation like this. I felt like crying out to high Heaven against this condition, and I will continue to do so until Church and State recognize their mutual responsibility towards these thousands of homeless men.

When the Honorable Gideon Robertson, the Minister of Labor, visited Vancouver, I told him in an interview that when I stood in the jungles and saw the conditions there I did not know whether I was in Russia or in Canada. I told him I had just finished reading the book, by Sherwood Eddy, entitled "The Challenge of Russia," and I had not seen any picture or read any story that equalled that condition as a breeding place for Bolshevism. The only difference was this, that in Russia there would be put to work, while in Canada we allowed strong men such as you see in these pictures, to deteriorate in idleness through no fault of their own.

A jungle is oftentimes a miniature *League of Nations*. As I walked through, among the men and talked to them, I found

there were many nationalities and many languages spoken. Strangely enough the first man I spoke to was a Scotsman from Aberdeen "Awa." "This is the first time I have been in a place like this," he said, with a sense of shame. "When I came to Canada I never thought I would get so low down, I would be ashamed to have my people know where I am today." Another from Forfar, you should have seen him smile when I mentioned Forfar Bridlies.

Here is another picture of a Scotsman. I am not telling him a fish story but making some remark about the dimensions of the shack he is building, and the following is a copy of a letter from his dear old mother:—

"My Dear James:—

I was fair upset when Maggie came to me with your letter for I thought you were lost, but no, Jim, you can just think of me alone now, but I ave had a idea you would write sometime but what a blow I got when I read Bob's death in the evening paper. It was more than I could think it was true till I made enquiries to Aberdeen. However, Jim, he has left a weary world of toil and pain. There is nothing but troubles and disappointment here below, we vill, I trust, all meet again up Yonder where all is peace and joy.

"Now I hope you are trying to do your best and that you get that pension you speak of.

"I am well pleased to be able to get that paper for you and hope you succeed now. I am a poor, lonely, old woman, 77 years old. Jim, I never thought to live such a time, but God's time is worth waiting for, and I wait patiently.

"Now Maggie is in the furnace just now, her little boy, Andrew, is in the hospital this eight weeks, but he is getting on. He may get home for the Xmas but will have to go back for a wee while. Now, Jim, I do not know what more to say but I am to put this in with Maggie's box hoping you get it all safe. With best love and wishes from your old and lonely Mother."

Walking over to another group, I found them to be Fins, great, strong, husky men. Now, the Fin is instinctively clean in his habits and person, and even here in the jungle amid this environment, I found them keeping themselves clean.

These men were brought out to Canada to work in the big industries, to work in lumber camps, mines, railroad construction work. As I looked at these men I could see some of them were the type of men I had seen in the lumber camps of British Columbia. Men with grit and ability, thinking nothing of climbing a tree 250 feet, cutting off the top, standing on it and rolling a cigarette, and here they were wasting their lives in idleness through no fault of their own.

Another group were Germans, great, big, strong men, living together with a group of Scandinavians. Some of the finest types of men we have in the Dominion of Canada. While right in the centre of the bush I found a miniature China Town.

There is a spirit of *comradeship*. I can understand now what Robert Burns meant when he said: "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." There is a common brotherhood forced no doubt by stern necessity.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HOME

WHEN you visit a jungle such as I have described or look on a long line of men waiting for food in a bread line, or you see them standing in groups outside the employment office in the city, or when they climb your porch or accost you on the street for a hand-out, if you are a thinking man or woman, you wonder who they are, why they are here, where they come from and what will their future be?

When a man on the street meets a panhandler, he usually gets rid of him by giving him a coin. The authorities put him in jail as a vagrant. To the social worker he is a problem, a case to be studied. The cause of his condition to be investigated and a remedy to be found. We must attack this whole problem in a scientific, Christian spirit and not allow sentimentality to slop over and obscure the facts.

The homeless men in Canada has become one of the major social problems, particularly in our coast cities and centres of population. Generally speaking, these men may be divided into groups or classes. St. John Tucker, formerly president of the Hlobo College in Chicago, has classed them as follows: "A hobo is a migratory worker," "A tramp is a migratory non-worker," "A bum is a stationary non-worker," or they have been further defined by Ben L. Reitman, who has been called the "King of the Hobos," who says there are three types of genus vagrant: "The hobo, the tramp, the bum." The hobo works and wanders, the tramp dreams and wanders, the bum drinks and wanders. Then added to this list there is the Homeguard who like the poor, are always with us.

THE HOBO

THE HOBO is a migratory worker, a man who travels about from place to place looking for work. When a notice is posted in the Employment Office that some construction work is about to start, this man and his class make for the location as soon as possible. They still have something of the spirit of independence left in them, and they are anxious to make enough money to get by on the next winter. They form the regular hobo class, workers in disposition and wanderers by compulsion.

The hobo has been described in the following lines from

John O'London's *Weekly*, which sum up the kind of life he leads in a graphic way:—

*A hobo is a man who builds palaces and lives in shacks.
He builds Pullmans and rides the rods.
He builds automobiles and pushes a wheelbarrow.
He serves T-bone steaks and gets the soup bone.
He builds electric light plants and burns oil.
He builds opera houses and goes to the movies.
He makes silk suspenders and holds his pants up with a rope.*

*He reaps the harvest and stands in the bread line.
He weaves silk shirts and weaves bull wool.
He makes broadcloth and weaves overalls.
He weaves linen sheets and sleeps on a plank.
He digs gold and has his teeth filled with cement.
He digs coal and shivers in the snow.
He builds the factories and is denied a job in them.
He builds skyscrapers and has no place to call a home.
He builds roads and is arrested on them for vagrancy.
He creates labor and is denied the right to labor.
He fights for freedom abroad and is put on the chain gang at home.
He had made Canada and is denied a vote.*

I take my hat off to the hobo. He has been an indispensable factor in the building of Canada. Without his strong muscles the railways, canals, bridges, tunnels, and public works of many kinds could never have been carried out. While we think of the architect and the engineer with their brains and blue prints, let us not forget the man who, with his pick and shovel, helped to make their plans a reality. They are the men who have developed our natural resources. The pioneers in the opening of new lands and the construction of great private and public works.

As a rule they are a good class of men, rough and uncouth on the outside, but when you come to know them they are very human, generous and responsive to a touch of kindness especially when they know there is nothing of cant or insincerity about it. The irregularity of their work has a very serious reaction on their outlook on society and life in general. The lack of permanence tends to demoralize the man, and while in the vigor of his manhood he is able to stand the racket, the advance of years begins to tell on him and he goes down physi-

cally, socially, and morally, until he finds himself in the ranks of the Homeguard, at the bottom of the list.

Under our present system, 1000 or 5000 of this class of men may be employed on some public work or private enterprise. When the work is done and with due pomp and ceremony the wheels of industry are set in motion and the skilled workers stand by the machine, the hobos are soon forgotten and they vanish away. They know there is no further use for them in that locality and they put themselves in the "Slave Market," as they call it, and like the man in the parable, wait for someone to hire them.

THE SLAVE MARKET

*This is the city of lost dreams and deflated hopes;
Always you are the mecca of the Jobless,
The seekers after life and the sweet illusions of happiness.
Within your walls there are the consuming
Fires of pain, sorrow and eternal regrets.
Roses never bloom here; silken petals
Cannot be defiled.*

*Streets in ragged attire, sang-froid in their violence;
Years come and go; still your hideousness goes on
And mute outcasts garnish*

*Your every rendezvous.
Blind pigs, reeking with a nauseous smell everywhere;
The so-called "flops," the lousy huts
Where slaves of mill and mine and rail and shop
Curl up and drop away unconscious
In fair pretense of sleep.*

*Employment sharks entrapping men,
Human cultures in benign disguise,
Auctioning labor at a pittance per day.*

*And it's always "What will you give?"
"What will you take?"
The pocketing of fat commissions;
Old men, young men, tramps, bums, hobos,
Laborers seeking jobs or charity
Each visioning happiness from afar.*

*They swarm the city streets, these slaves,
For all must live and strive,
And always the elusive job sign*

*Greets their contemplative glance,
A job—food, clothing, shelter;
Wage slaves selling their power;
Oh, you Slave Market, I know you!*

*From timbered lands, North, East, South and West,
From distant golden grain belts,
From endless miles of rail,
These workers float to the city.
Timber beasts, harvesters, gaudy dancers,
Adventurers all. From every clime and zone,
Each comes with hope of work or
Else to blow his pile.*

*With acknowledgment to Louis Melis,
well known poet of hobo life.*

They may be fortunate to strike it with some company with a sense of justice and honor in their dealings with these men, or they may be at the mercy of some unscrupulous contractor or concern, where no fair wage clause has been inserted in the contract, and we have a form of slavery which may be worse than the alleged slavery in Russia. The fault is not all his for the condition in which he finds himself; society must take its share of the blame.

THE TRAMP.

THE TRAMP is the man who has the wanderlust in his nature, but who will not work if he can get by. To the casual observer it might be hard to distinguish the difference between a tramp and a hobo, but if you have been dealing with this class of men, you instinctively sum a man up by his conversation, the answers he will give you to your questions, where he has been working, his hesitancy to register at the Government Employment Office or carry a card, the general appearance of his clothes. However, I have found that it always is better to give a man the benefit of the doubt. I have been fooled many times but there have been other occasions when I would have done a man great injury by a premature judgment of his case.

The tramp has no purpose in his life. If he hears of any public works opening up he determines he will not be there. They are experts at begging, resorting to all manner of tricks

and with ready tongue they find it is easier than work, and settle down to that kind of life. For a time they will stay and work a town or district and then move on aimlessly like derelicts on the ocean of life.

THE BUM

THIS class corresponds to the Homeguard and moocher. The bum is a stationary non-worker. Many of them were first a problem in the home and at school, and then to society in general. I have stood with them on the scaffold and seen them ushered two at a time into eternity. I have met them as murderers who have done long terms in prison. Here, in this class, you will find the drug addicts, coke eaters, alcoholics, moral perverts, morons, feeble-minded, canned heat artists, and if there be any other class or type of depraved humanity, you can put them in this category. When day after day as the bread line passes by, you learn to pick them out by their bleary eyes, shaky hands, trembling bodies, unkempt appearance, dirty clothes, gabbling tongues, always grousing about something or somebody, or sullen, morose and quiet.

In this class we find ourselves face to face with the human derelict. The ocean of life is strewn with them, like the derelicts of the sea, some of them are rudderless and water-logged. Some of them turned turtle and become a menace to all who cross their paths. When I met this type of homeless man, it always recalls to my mind an incident when I was in service on the Rock of Gibraltar. The *Assistance*, Repair Ship to the Atlantic Squadron had gone out with the fleet to Tetuan off the coast of Africa to stand by while they were doing heavy gun practice. During the night she dragged anchor and went on the rocks. They thought all was well, but did not realize the danger until she grounded on the rocky shore, and then it was too late. It cost the British Government a large amount of money to salvage the ship.

The human derelict is a problem wherever you may meet him, and in the long run a costly member of society. In this group I have found university graduates; one man I knew, a graduate of Glasgow University, could quote Greek and Latin by the page. College men from good homes. One man, a great big fellow, to whom I had to look up and I am six feet, told me he had two brothers, both ministers in Scotland. He gave me their names and particulars, but he was ashamed to

write and let them know of his condition. He would rather die. His people had given him up as dead. Another, whose father was a Wesleyan-Methodist minister, and who had received a good education, came to me one day. He had taken the wrong turn, evil habits had conquered and he had lost out in the fight. Another man with whom I dealt in the condemned cell before he was hung, had not written home for twenty-five years. When I wrote to his people they received a terrible shock as they thought he was dead, and when they knew the circumstances they wished they had never known the awful truth. He was hanged under an assumed name.

Another young man in whom I was interested, had finished a long term of imprisonment in the penitentiary. I intervened on his behalf and he was released. The story got into the newspapers and a man came all the way from Toronto to see me, enquiring if this was his nephew in whom he was interested and who was now heir to a large estate. I shall never forget the look of disappointment on his countenance when I informed him, after getting the particulars, that this was not the same man.

In this class you will find men with an aristocratic type of face; remittance men who have been sent from the Old Country because of their disgraceful habits, to save the family name. Their main means of support seems to be blackmailing their people in the Old Country with the threat that they will turn up some day and disgrace the family unless some money is forthcoming. This threat usually has effect until they kill themselves with their excesses and I am called in to bury them.

The bum is so low that the regular hobos in the jungles will have nothing to do with him. They are at the bottom of the scale, some of them lower than the beasts of the fields.

A man stumbled into the church the other day, a regular dead-beat, one of the lowest types possible. He was a cripple with a crutch. He had been falling on the pavement; his face was battered and bleeding—what a sight—ugly and repulsive. My first impulse was to bawl him out, and then looking at him I remembered the words of the Master: "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost." I asked myself, "Does God love the hobo, the tramp, the bum, the moocher? Does God love this poor wretch in front of me?" The answer came, "Yes, while He hates the sin, He loves the sinner."

I am one of those who believe that a man may be down but he is never out, until, conquered by his evil habits, he takes the count against himself and the Devil wins.

THE HOMEGUARD AND THE BUM

THE seasonal worker, the hobo, and the tramp are migratory types; the Homeguard and the bum are relatively stationary. The Homeguard, like the hobo, is a casual laborer, but he works, often only by the day, now at one and again at another of the multitude of unskilled jobs in the city. The bum, like the tramp, is unwilling to work and lives by begging and petty thieving.

THE HOMEGUARD

NEARLY if not quite one-half of the homeless men in Hobohemia are stationary casual laborers. These men, contemptuously termed "Homeguards" by the hobo and the tramp, work regularly or irregularly at unskilled work, day labor, and odd jobs. They live or at least spend their leisure time on the "main stem," but seldom come to the attention of the charities or the police, or ask alms on the street. Others after a migratory career as hobos or tramps "settle down" to a stationary existence. This group includes remittance men, often the "black sheep" of families of standing in far-off communities who send them a small regular allowance to remain away from home.

THE BUM

IN EVERY city there are ne'er-do-wells — men who are wholly or partially dependent and frequently delinquent as well. The most hopeless and the most helpless of all the homeless men is the bum, including in this type the inveterate drunkard and drug addicts. Old, helpless, and unemployable, these are the most pitiable and the most repulsive types of the down-and-outs. From this class are recruited the so-called "Mission stuifs" who are so unpopular among the Hobohemian population.

OTHER TYPES OF HOMELESS MEN

MANY of the terms, which are epithets, picturesquely describe special types of homeless men. The popular names for the various types of tramps and hobos are current terms that have been picked up on the street as they

pass from mouth to mouth. Some of them are new, others are old, while all of them are in flux. Names of types are coined by the men themselves. They serve a while and then pass out, giving place to new and more catchy terms. Change is characteristic of tramp terminology and tramp jargon. Words assume a different meaning as they are extensively used, or they become too general in their use and newer terms are invented. Many of the names by which types are designated were at first terms of derision, but terms seem to lose their stigma by continued use.

The following classification is taken from a narrative work by "A No. 1, The Famous Tramp," who claims to have travelled 500,000 miles for \$7.61. His books are more or less sensational and are not popular among many tramps, because they say the incidents he relates are overdrawn.

THE RATING OF THE TRAMPS BY "A No. 1"

1. PALLINGER Solicited alms at stores, offices and residences.
2. MOOCHER Accosted passers-by in the street.
3. FLOUNDER Squatted on sidewalk in business thoroughfares.
4. STIFFY Simulated paralysis.
5. DUMMY Pretends to be deaf and dumb.
6. WIREZ Peddling articles made of stolen telegraph wires.
7. MUSH FANER Umbrella mender who learned trade in penitentiary.
8. MUSH KICKER Disguised begging by selling shoestrings.
9. WANGY Disguised begging by selling court-plaster.
10. STICKERS Disguised begging by selling lead pencils.
11. TIMBERS Train rider who lost a leg.
12. STICKS Train rider who lost a foot.
13. LIM Train rider who lost one or more fingers.
14. FINGY OR FINGERS Train rider who lost one or both eyes.
15. PLINKY Train rider who lost one or both arms.
16. WINGY Train rider who lost one or both hands.
17. MIFES Train rider who lost right arm and leg.
18. RIGHTY Train rider who lost left arm and leg.
19. LEFTY Train rider who lost both legs below knee.
20. HALFY Actually crippled or otherwise afflicted.
21. STRAIGHT CRIP Self-mutilated or simulating a deformity.
22. PHONEY CRIP Subsisting on hand-outs solely.
23. PHONEY STIFF Disposing of fraudulent jewelry.
24. PHONEY STIFF Considered manual toil the acme of disgrace.
25. PROPER STIFF Occasionally labored, a day or two at the most.
26. GINK OR GANDY STIFF Carned bedding.
27. ALKEE STIFF " "
28. WHITE LINE STIFF Deranged intellect by habitual use of raw rum.
29. RUMNY STIFF " "

30. BUNDLE STIFF Carried bedding.
31. BLANKET STIFF " "
32. CHUCKICKER Hobbed with cooking utensils.
33. STEW BCM " " "
34. DING BAT " " "
35. FUZZY TAIL The dregs of vagrancy.
36. GREASE TAIL " " "
37. JUNGLE BUZZARD " " "
38. SHINE OR DINGY Colored vagabond.
39. GAY CAT Employed as scout by criminal tramps.
40. DIXO OR DYNAMITER Sponged food of fellow hobos.
41. YEGG Rowing desperado.
42. GRN MOLL A dangerous woman tramp.
43. HAY DAW A female stew haw.
44. JOCKER Taught miners to beg and crook.
45. KAM KIN OR PRESHER Day held in bondage by jocker.
46. PUNK Day discarded by jocker.
47. GONNIE Youth not yet adopted by jocker.

The beggar is one who stands in one place. He supplicates help by appealing to the pity of the passers-by. The moocher is an individual who is somewhat more mobile than the beggar. He moves about, going to the houses and asking for food, clothing, and even money, if he can get it. The panhandler is a beggar of a more courageous type. He hails men on the street and asks for money. He does not fawn nor whine nor strive to arouse pity. Dr. Keimann says: "The only difference between a moocher and a panhandler is that the moocher goes to the back door while the panhandler goes to the front door."

The beggar types may also be divided into the able-bodied and the non-able-bodied. The non-able-bodied beggars are more numerous in the cities. They are forced, because of their handicaps, to remain where the greatest number of people are. Some handicapped beggars, however, are able to travel with marvelous speed over the country. These non-able-bodied types go by different names according to their afflictions.

The Hop Head is an interesting type. He is usually in a pitiful condition, for he has small chance, living as he does, in the tramp class, to get money to buy "dope." Frequently he resorts to clever and even desperate means to secure it. One type of dope fiend is the Junkie. He uses a "gun" or needle to inject morphine or heroin. A Sniffer is one who sniffs cocaine. More frequent than the drug habit is the drink habit.

The tramp class has different types of predatory individuals and petty or even major offenders.

From the economic stand point, migratory workers are em-

playables. Between the extremes there are individuals of every shade of employability. The ability of a man to support himself is presumed to be related to his ability and to his opportunity to work. The tramp problem has been interpreted first of all as an unemployment problem, but this does not take account of the unemployables.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

HAVING in some measure attempted to explain who these men are and some of their modes of "getting by" as they express it in kobo land. The next question which naturally arises is, how do they become floaters and drifters and what are the reasons why they failed to make good, what are the factors which entered into their lives preventing them from becoming useful citizens? I have asked many of these men these questions and every man seems to have a different excuse, explanation or reason to give for his present predicament. It is best not to accept their story without taking all the factors into consideration as self diagnosis is always a dangerous procedure in any case. After having past through the hard school of experience, in which most fools learn something, many of them are ready to admit that the main trouble has not been with society but with themselves and looking back they can see where they might have taken a different course.

This does not apply to all cases, however, and we shall now give our attention to a study of some of the factors which have entered into their lives and made them negative and practically useless.

Many of the men with whom I have talked, started out on the journey of life with the best of intentions, and then something went wrong, some disappointment came to them, bad luck as they call it, pursued them, ill health and serious physical handicaps deterred them, domestic trouble, personal problems, lack of ambition and aggressiveness, all these and many others might be given.

WANDERLUST

THROUGH experience I have learned that some men are born with this spirit of wandering in their nature. It is a difficult thing to define but it certainly has played an important part in the development of human society. Early in the history of the human race, sometimes by force of necessity in the search for food and freedom, there have been great migrations of population and that spirit seems to have been inherited by many individuals since the time that Abraham's response to that inner urge led him to leave his Father's home, as we read in Genesis 12:1, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy Father's land into the land which I shall show thee." Since that time and long before, man has been a wanderer on the face of the earth.

One of the main differences between the new land and the old is that here in Canada it is largely a problem of the single homeless men, whereas in the Old Country it is a problem of the family, mixed groups of women and children, but now a change is taking place and increasing numbers of women are joining "The Knights of the Rods," and they are learning to live in jungles like the men.

NOTHING TO DO BUT GO

By H. H. KNIEDS

*I'm the wandering son with the nervous feet,
That never were meant for a steady beat;
I've had many a job for a little while,
I've been on the bum and I've lived in style;
And there was the road, stretchin' mile after mile,
And nothing to do but go.*

*So, beat it, Bo, while your feet are mates;
Take a look at the whole United States;
There's the little fire and the pipe at night;
And up again when the morning's bright;
With nothin' but road and sky in sight,
And nothin' to do but go.*

*So, beat it, Bo, while the goin's good,
While the birds in the trees are sawin' wood;
If today ain't the finest for you and me,*

*Then there's tomorrow that's going to be,
And the day after that, that's comin', see,
And nothin' to do but go.*

*Then, beat it, Bo, while you're young and strong;
See all you can, for it won't last long;
You can tarry for only a little spell.
On the long, gray road to Fare-Ye-Well,
That leads to Heaven or maybe Hell,
And nothin' to do but go.*

In Great Britain and Europe these wanderers are known as gypsies, and the caravans and wagons with their basket-ware are well known to those of the Old Lands.

Then we have the tinkers, tramps, cadgers, constantly on the move. Drifting hither and thither, living in jungles in the summer and cheap lodging houses in the winter. The spirit of wandering has taken men and women far afield. In some degree it accounts for our expansion as a nation and as an empire. The pioneers of Great Britain had it in their blood, the explorers and adventurers like Raleigh, Cook, Drake, Vancouver, MacKenzie, Fraser, to mention only a few, were animated by that spirit. Sometimes it was stern necessity as in the case of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Selkirk settlers, that led them to the shores of Canada to explore its rivers, lakes, and mountains. Some stayed in the East, others passed on to the West, now they are pressing towards the North. The main difference of course is obvious to all; those pioneer explorers had a definite plan and destination—the hobo has none.

THE JUVENILE HOBO

IN CANADA we are face to face with a new phase of this problem which presents a real challenge to Church and society. I have been astonished to find many boys in their early teens standing in the bread line.

Here is a young lad just turned sixteen who came all the way from Montreal. It took him three weeks to travel to Vancouver. During that time he had met and mixed with some of the roughest and toughest types of men in the Dominion of Canada.

He had no home, his parents had both died, and he was left to take care of himself and so, being a free lance, he set

out to see Vancouver. He landed in Vancouver without food or shelter. Hearing about First Church, he came to our door and we were able to help him.

Another lad of sixteen just out of high school in Toronto, came to us one day in our bread line. I took him aside and asked him why he was here. He told me that he could get no work and he had heard that in Vancouver there was a better chance. He told his father and mother he did not want to be a burden on them, so he jumped the freight for the Coast.

While stationed in the city of Port Arthur, Ontario, two young fellows came to my door one evening asking for help. I enquired where they had come from and they told me, "From Montreal." "And where are you going?" I asked. They said "To Vancouver." I said, "Why?" Because they had heard work was better and it was easier to live in Vancouver.

After they had done some work for me for which I paid them, they left. They had scarcely gone when two other young fellows came along and I put the same questions to them: where had they come from? "From Vancouver." Where were they heading for? "Toronto." And why Toronto? Because they had heard they were opening up work in Toronto. And that is the typical experience of thousands of these men who are wandering to and fro across the Dominion of Canada.

Another young man from Calmar, Alberta, came to the church with much the same story. He wanted to go back home again, and we fixed him up with clothes and food and the C.P.R. gave him a free ride on 10.10 from Vancouver. We received a grateful letter from him, that after a hard experience he had got home.

Whenever we have found boys in the bread line, I have made a special appeal to the farmers in the Fraser Valley over the radio, over CKFC, the radio station of the United Church of Canada. We speak to an audience of 50,000 every Sunday morning. This special appeal has never failed to bring a response from some of the farmers, and we have been able to place many of them in good homes.

The Honorable Senator Robertson told us during the interview we had in Vancouver that at one point in Ontario, three high school boys had boarded the train, one of whom was the son of a personal friend of his. Another lad who had won the Governor General's Medal in high school, was found in the camp.

With many of these boys the problem is psychological. The desire to travel and see Canada first and free. These cases are

the exception and not the rule. Great numbers of these young lads have got sick and tired of hunting jobs which were not there and of being a burden on their parents. They beat it on the train for other parts.

One of our own ministers told me of his experience in his home with his own boys. When they found it impossible to get employment they threatened to board the train and get out of the city, where they had been born, raised and educated because no man would hire them and they could not apply for relief, and so were a burden on their parents. "Dad," they said. "If we go to Calgary or Edmonton they will feed us anyway which is more than we can get here." Good counsel prevailed, however, but that father had a real problem on his hands.

There are thousands of teen-aged youths riding the rods. Ask the policemen and the trainmen and those in our social centres across Canada, and they will verify this statement.

The horror of it all is that these boys are being inoculated with wrong ideas through their contact with all kinds of men in freight cars, in jungles, across Canada.

It cost the State a large amount of money to educate them. They have brought untold grief to the hearts of anxious parents. They represent a social, moral and economic loss to the whole community, and it is high time something was being done about it to prevent them from developing into hobos, tramps and bums.

THE PRODIGAL HOBO

THIS CASE can be summed up under the following headings: Sick of home, Homesick, Home. There are still those young men who, like the younger son in the parable, get fed up with home life, grow discontented with conditions and things in general. They kick over the traces, there is a racket and they demand what is coming to them, then beat it as quick as they can and as far as they can go from home. It is the old story, as long as their money lasts they have a good time and plenty of friends in the far country.

When they come to themselves they are homesick, and some of the wiser ones go home and admit to Dad that they were not as wise as they thought they were and home looks pretty good after their experience, and they stay there. But friends, I am stating the truth when I say that thousands of these boys

never go back, and to all intents and purposes they are lost, wandering boys on the face of the earth.

They change their name, and sin and evil living does the rest, so that even their own flesh and blood would scarcely recognize them when the years have passed.

We need a new emphasis on that word "lost," and the Church and State need to be awakened to a sense of its responsibility to these wandering sons of Adam.

THE MISFITS

THERE are those men who don't fit in. Their case is well stated by Robert W. Service, the well known poet of the Yukon, in his book, "The Spirit of the Yukon."

"THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN"

*There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain crest,
Their's is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.*

*If they just went straight they might go far;
They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are
And they want the strange and new.
They say, "Could I find my proper groove
What a deep mark I would make!"
So they chop and change, and each fresh move
Is only a fresh mistake.*

*And each forgets as he strips and runs
With a brilliant, fitful pace,
It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones
Who win the lifelong race.
And each forgets that his youth has fled,
Forgets that his prime is past,
Till he stand one day with a hope that's dead,
In the glare of the truth at last.*

The ancient Hebrews made it a rule that every boy must learn to use his hands as well as his head. It was no accident that the Apostle Paul was a tent-maker, the High Priest a baker, and Jesus a carpenter; it was all part of a well thought plan that everyone should have a trade, and by exercising his knowledge and skill with his hands and head, he would be able to take care of himself and maintain his independence.

In the days of the Guilds in Europe and Britain, every boy learned a trade in the village or community where he was born and there were fewer misfits comparatively speaking than under our present system. The blacksmith, the harness-maker, the baker, the tailor, the mason, and the various other tradesmen had their apprentices working with them. Usually a boy followed his father's vocation and all fitted in to some niche.

It seems to me in spite of our technical and vocational systems of education we are still in quite a muddle in dealing with this problem. Think, for example, of the thousands of boys who are being sent out to this country from institutions in the Old Country, and the only object in bringing them out was to put them on to a farm and make them farmers when God had intended some of them to be mechanics and artists and leaders in industry.

There is something radically wrong in a system that turns out thousands of graduates from our educational institutions fitted with costly equipment, highly paid, well trained teachers and no jobs and no work for these boys to do. There are yet many gaps to be filled and because we have not fully dealt with the situation there are still many misfits.

In the early pioneer days of Canada the population was largely self supporting. Their needs and wants were simple. The bear, the buffalo, the sheep, provided them with food and clothing to keep them warm. The forest produced all they required to build their homes, make their furniture and fuel for the winter fire. The rivers and lakes filled with fish and the earth brought forth abundant harvest. The herbs, roots and barks kept them supplied with Nature's medicine, and thus in a practical way their needs were met.

The wanderer was always welcome in the lonely pioneer places. He brought the news from the outside world, and as Uncle Jack Miner expresses it, they learn to live on three meals a day, 'Oatmeal, Cornmeal and Miss a meal'. Men did not wander far afield before they found a place in life. Now it is impossible as we have become so dependent on other people and other nations to supply us with the necessities of life. There-

fore, because thousands of these young men when they graduate from school do not find a place in life and nobody particularly cares whether they do or not, they are left to shift for themselves, the door of opportunity is closed, and they begin to drift and go down.

Another phase of this problem has been the result of the policy of the government in the year 1927, when they brought over thousands of miners from the Old Country to go into the harvest fields. Large numbers of these men went back home again but several thousand remained. I have met and talked with many of these men and I am convinced that a great mistake was made and that large numbers of these men are becoming bums and tramps because there was no individual to follow them up, and now many of them are lined up with the homeguard.

They will be a social problem in every community where they may be found because they have failed to fit into Canadian lives and ways, and because the state took no interest in them after the harvest was reaped.

FLOATERS

THESE men are as a general rule young, single and untrained.

There is an interesting possibility that they are the men who never grow up. There is a period of unrest usually between 17 and 19 which seems to be quite natural and in no way the effect of environment. This unrest and search for adventure seems to die out more or less in the normal young man about 22 or 23 years of age. Some youths seem never to have had it and proceed to settle down soon after the age of 17. It is possible that some men proceed to enjoy adventure at the age of 40 because they were denied this privilege at an earlier age. Again it would appear from their history that many young men grow old in years, but the spirit of change and search of adventure does not grow dim. Perhaps another reason for the floater is the monotonous character of ordinary labour in a machine or factory age. Interesting work can be found in odd jobs and frequent change of scene.

There are distinct cycles of employment, if they might so be described, followed by men belonging to the group classified as "floaters." A typical cycle of this nature may be traced from Chatham, Ontario, where early spring work on the land, particularly in connection with the cultivation of sugar beets and

tobacco, results in the employment of large numbers of men whose services are urgently required during the months of June and July. The first harvest excursion takes large numbers of these men to Western Canada, from which they drift back in October and November, probably stopping off for a few months to engage in bush work in the Rainy River or Port Arthur and Fort William districts. This may be followed by three or four months of similar work around Sudbury, North Bay, and in the spring of the year the men are apt to be seen in Toronto, doing odd jobs until the call of the Kent and Essex County field lures them west again.

Among the "Planters" will be found many men whose answers as to their marital conditions are evasive in the extreme. Investigation will generally reveal the fact that these men have left behind them domestic difficulties of one kind and another, and are on the road because of home conditions, which are unsatisfactory from their point of view.

Applicant 351, is a Scotchman of 55 or over, but unmarried and without dependents. He has been in Canada for five months. He worked in Scotland as a labourer in the shipyards and then was on the dole for some time. His last work was with a C.N.R. gang, but he left this because it was too cold, as he is physically frail and too old for this work. He is a pensioner for deafness from the Imperial Army. Due to his age and disabilities he should be classed as an inadaptable immigrant.

Applicant 107 is 56 years of age, married, born in Scotland and has resided in Canada for one week. He has been employed for the last 40 years as a coal miner in Scotland. So far he has been unable to locate any suitable work in Toronto, but states that he does not wish to return to coal mining. Though a man in good physical shape for his age, it may be difficult for him to succeed under a greatly changed environment.

The advisability of immigration at this age may be questioned.

Applicant 136 is an Englishman by birth, age 47, married and with four dependents. He had the ordinary public school education before entering the Navy as a youth, in which he spent 24 years, during which he rose to a petty officer and acted as such for about fifteen years, a fact which he cannot forget. He came to Canada and has been here for six years. He helped his brother on his farm in the West for three months. Going to Calgary he was employed as a bank messenger for two years, when the bank closed its doors. From there he went to Montreal

to manage a bachelors' club as steward or janitor, but left after 18 months, dissatisfied with the work required of him. For a few months he was with the T. Eaton Company in Toronto as an extra brush hand, but the job was not steady. He had a job in a factory at 35 cents an hour, but after working 48 hours he quit. He says he cannot get down to a mere labouring job. While he is physically fit and normal intellectually he cannot become reconciled to Canadian conditions.

He would like to secure an appointment in connection with caisson workers under compressed air, as he is familiar with the work because of his experience in the Navy with deep sea divers. This man is a gunnery expert and has certificates of various courses of naval training. This, of course, has in reality unfitted him for any civilian occupation, which is a considerable handicap to him.

Applicant 27 is 40 years of age, a single man, born in England and came to Canada 12 months ago. After leaving school at the age of 14 he tried several jobs which were of a temporary nature. He enlisted in the Imperial Army at the age of 18, where he remained for 20 years. After discharge from the army he was for some time in receipt of the dole. He came to Canada and has had 2 weeks' work since his arrival as a caretaker in a factory. This job was only a temporary one. Having no experience in any occupation and showing little adaptability or initiative.

It is very seldom that immigration after the age of 50 is a success, and the case of applicant 115 is typical of many others registered. He served 21 years in the British Navy, and since 1910 has worked at stone polishing and as a watchman in Great Britain. Now at the age of 50, he has come to Canada, where his chances of securing steady employment are limited in the extreme, both on account of his age and his lack of any definite trade or occupation.

He is fully qualified as a rigger, but young men are naturally preferred by employers for this hazardous occupation.

Applicant 26 is 21 years of age, a single man, born in Ireland and came to Canada 5 months ago. After leaving school at the age of 14 he was employed in a grocery store for 2 years. He then enlisted in the Irish Special Police, where he stayed for 4 years. After his arrival in Canada he worked for 2 months as a farm hand, but left because the life was too quiet. He now wants work in the city. He says he has been looking for work for 2 months, but will not take farm work.

His 4 years in the police force has left him rather unsettled

and has perhaps made it difficult for him to adapt himself to Canadian conditions.

Applicant 422 is 46 years of age, married, was born in Scotland and has been in Canada for the past 3 years. He was originally a stone cutter in Scotland, followed by 10 years as a factory hand in a flour mill. He claims to be interested in his original trade but states "There is no stone cutting in Toronto." The interviewer's comments on this mental attitude indicate that this is a rather common reaction to lost ability, as there are actually opportunities for qualified stone cutters in Toronto. Stone cutting requires A1 physique and constant practice, and the applicant's physical condition is not up to par, while he has also lost skill at his trade after 13 years' absence from it.

Applicant 17 is 48 years of age, married, and has two children. He was born in England and has resided in Canada for 14 years. He left school in England at the age of 14. At 15 years of age he was employed as helper and ultimately became skilled in dressing the stones used in flour milling. This work no longer exists as the grinding is done with steel rollers. He came to Canada in 1912 and has been a general laborer ever since. His last job was as a laborer on sewer construction. This work is now finished, and as the county where he worked is some distance from the city limits, the man finds difficulty in finding work in the city because employers prefer to have a man whose home is near the work. He has been out of work for 5 months and there does not appear to be much hope of anything in his own county.

Applicant 2 is 22 years of age, the son of a farmer, who has had no training in any definite occupation. Has worked as a general laborer on farms, construction gangs, etc., and arrived a few days ago from British Columbia. He has not been anxious to find permanent work in Toronto and intends to return to the West on the Harvest Excursion. His last job was in B. C. when he drove a coal truck for the period of two weeks.

Applicant 129 is a typical "floater," drifting from place to place and from job to job, discontented, critical, blaming everything and everyone but himself for his failure to make real progress in the world. He was born in Scotland, is single, 53 years of age, and came to Canada 11 years ago. He has been a hospital orderly, a clerk in a coal dealer's office, and a salesman in a general store in British Columbia.

There are many gaps in his industrial history, and his men-

tal attitude and general nervous condition may indicate an abnormal mental state.

Applicant 152 is 21 years of age, single and born in Canada. Public school education; has had a varied experience as "cookee" in camps and restaurants in many parts of Canada and the U.S.A. He has been in Toronto one day from Chicago, U.S.A., where he worked for seven months at the Elks Club. He has been out of work for one week.

THE BUM ON THE RODS AND THE BUM ON THE PLUSII

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*The bum on the rods is hunted down
As the enemy of mankind,
The other is driven around to his club,
Is feted, coined, and dined.
And they who curse the bum on the rods
As the essence of all that is bad,
Will greet the other with a winning smile,
And extend the hand so glad.*

*The bum on the rods is a social flea
Who gets an occasional bite,
The bum on the plush is a social leech,
Blood-sucking day and night.
The bum on the rods is a load so light
That his weight we scarcely feel,
But it takes the labor of dozens of men
To furnish the other a meal.*

*As long as you sanction the bum on the plush,
The other will always be there,
But rid yourself of the bum on the plush
And the other will disappear.
Then make an intelligent, organized kick,
Get rid of the weights that crush.
Don't worry about the bum on the rods,
Get rid of the bum on the plush.*

It is evident that he is still unsettled and never remains very long at any place.

Applicant M-12. The younger of the two is about 45 years of age, gives his age as 36. His brother is about 50. They were born in Canada, raised on a farm, and had little education. They had both worked as helpers and laborers in Canada and the U.S.A. ever since. The younger brother kept a store in Manitoba for about 10 years, and is a widower. The elder brother is a single man and owned a farm for about 2 years, wandered continuously since youth in search of something new. They have worked in the mines of Mexico and Alaska. They have been bushmen, trappers, prospectors, day laborers, knights of the road, harvesters, bar-tenders in Chicago, etc. seldom stayed more than a month or two in any one place, sometimes apart, but mostly together they have continued to wander. At 50 they are still wandering together, strikingly alike in appearance, speech, mannerisms and attitude, even in dress. In Toronto 3 days—registered as laborers.

Applicant 416 belongs to the type which can best be described by the word "floater." He is approximately 28 years of age, and while his answers to queries regarding his industrial history were extremely vague, it appears that he has worked as a butler in England and as a hotel porter in Nova Scotia. There were many gaps in the dates which he gave, and his answers to questions were an evidence of his unreliable nature.

Applicant M-6 is 24 years of age, single, born in Canada. Left school age 14, and had a great variety of jobs in Guelph, Hamilton, London, etc. These jobs lasted from a few days to a month. Worked as a teamster and drove a delivery wagon for 6 months for a grocer in Toronto. Goes to the bush in winter and harvesting in the fall, with odd jobs in between.

Applicant 24 says he is 42 years of age but is probably older. Is a married man with no family in Canada. Has been in Canada for one year. His father was a brushmaker, and this man was trained by his father in the business of hand brushmaker. He continued to follow the trade until his arrival in Canada. He has had experience as a bookkeeper in a brush factory and as a salesman of brushes. He is a man of good native intelligence. After his arrival in Canada he went to Hamilton, Ont., as a brushmaker. He left because he could not make enough money and was too old to be promoted. Hand brushmaking is dead in Canada. He later worked in Niagara Falls as a store-keeper in a hotel for two months.

Registered as hotel porter at the employment office. Reason

for unemployment, his trade is dead in Canada and his age is 50 or more. Says he feels depressed at outlook. Immigration at 50 is not advisable.

LACK OF TRAINING.

A large proportion of those who fail of regular employment have not been trained to any particular trade or calling, but just drift from one chance occupation to another. Mention was previously made of the fact that a considerable proportion of the cases classed as "normal" were untrained youths. That they were classifiable as normal, in the sense of not having an unemployment record beyond the average, was doubtless because, being young, strong and active, and having no ties to prevent their moving about, they are generally able, in ordinary conditions, to find work of some sort. But when such men grow older, and are not as fit as the youth for every kind of rough work, and are not as fit as the youth for every compass of their ability, but have to seek jobs more within the to tell. Then there are those who have a preference for some particular line of work—generally of the "white collar" sort—but have had no training to qualify them thoroughly. And there is the youth who drifts into a town from the farm, drawn by the allurements of town life, but has no experience of training to help him in industrial competition. Among the cases cited below are several of such untrained youths who typify the class that may get along fairly well, for a few years, but have not much prospect of a satisfactory industrial experience in later life.

As stated in the analysis of one of the individual cases, there is an apparent fascination in the occupation of the truck driver, taxi driver, or chauffeur, which appeals to certain types of young men. The feeling of going somewhere, of seeing new people and places, of motion itself, fulfills their idea of a "good job" to a greater extent than a monotonous task such as routine factory work. The result is that the ranks of the truck drivers and chauffeurs are filled to overflowing at all times with young men who have little or no training beyond the ability to drive a car. As car drivers are so easily engaged there is little or no stability to this occupation, and men engaged in it are apt to find their jobs of short duration. From the employers' point of view there is no necessity of keeping men on the strength in slack periods when men to take their place can so easily be obtained on short notice. Truck driving and

driving a taxi may be classified as a blind alley occupation against which young men with any real latent ability should be warned.

INADAPTABILITY.

Among older applicants especially, there are a number who are handicapped by lack of adaptability. These are very often immigrants of middle age, who find it difficult to adjust themselves to the different conditions of life and industry in a new country. Or they may be trained and experienced in some industry that through changing industrial methods has become obsolete, and they are unable to adapt themselves to other work. Army and navy veterans, after long service, often find it difficult to fit into civil life, especially if they were not trained for any civil vocation before enlisting. Or in other ways a man may get into a rut, and then if he, through circumstances, finds himself without employment, it is difficult for him to fit into a new place in the industrial world. The following are more or less typical examples.

Applicant 145 is an Englishman by birth and 41 years of age, married, with one dependent. He worked at a number of odd jobs in England after leaving school at fifteen, and five years later he came to Canada, where he has spent the last twenty-two years of his life. Beginning as a farm laborer, he later did general laboring work and worked in a factory. As a maintenance man and later as a handyman around the factory, he worked for the Standard Sanitary Company for two and a half years. The next six months he spent as a maintenance man for a steel mill, and for a year he was a storekeeper with the Canadian General Electric. But he has now been out of work for some ten weeks.

The work he prefers is that of handyman and maintenance, but this not being a real job, is usually filled by men already employed in the factory, such as old millwrights, old machinists, etc. This applicant could not, therefore, be classed as any better than an experienced laborer, and he realizes now that he should have learned a trade when he was young.

Applicant 447 has no special training, having worked in a factory ten years as a laborer. At some time he was employed as a roofer, but states "that the roofing business is no longer what it once was owing to machines being used." He is tired of factory work and wants work as a janitor. He is 40 or 45 years of age, born in England, but has been in Canada for nine years. He is a married man with five dependents.

Applicant 393 is 21 years of age, born in Canada, and is registered as a laborer. The longest job he has ever had lasted one year, and between that time and date of his registration in October he worked in six different parts of Ontario, at various kinds of casual employment. A mobile working force is essential to the industrial development of the country, but it is unfortunate that it should be so largely composed of young men who are not learning any trade or occupation while employed as general laborers.

As stated in other instances, truck driving is not generally a steady occupation. The case of Applicant 390 illustrates this point. He is a Canadian, 20 years of age, and his last job prior to registering, was in Newark, N.J., where he had 5 months' work as a truck driver. The activity and the feeling of "Always going somewhere," leads many young men into jobs as truck drivers without their realizing the blind alley nature of the occupation which they have selected.

Applicant 383 was born in Ireland, is 22 years of age, single, and has been in Canada for 3 years. He belongs to a type of factory workers with no particular skill, and the list of various jobs which he has held clearly indicate that the knowledge which he is accumulating is not qualifying him for any particular trade or occupation.

Applicant 401 was born in Canada 19 years ago. Any work which he has done has been as a farm hand, but he has reached the point where city life attracts him, and he is registered as a teamster. There is every likelihood that he will drift into the ranks of the general laborers as the number of jobs for teamsters is limited and he has no qualifications for other work in the city except his strength and good health.

Applicant 402 is another Canadian whose destiny seems to be in the ranks of the unskilled. He is 19 years of age and has assisted his father for 4 years as a fruit peddler. Prior to registering he had one week's work as a builder's laborer, and lacking any particular skill, training or experience, it is almost inevitable that he will become a "day laborer."

Applicant 396 was born in England but has lived in Canada for 15 years. He is 19 years of age, single, and at the time of his registration, described himself as a farm hand. During the summer of 1926 he obtained a job as a paint sprayer in Toronto and now does not wish to return to farm employment.

The case of Applicant 118 is typical of many untrained, "semi-salesmen" who leave school at an early age and drift

into various jobs as routine office workers or as salesmen in small retail stores. This particular applicant was born in Canada, is 35 years of age, left school at the age of 15 and has had many jobs since that time, the two longest being three years in one store as a shoe salesman and five years with another concern as a billing machine operator. In times of depression men with such limited qualifications are soon "let out," and in seeking new positions they find themselves in competition with large numbers of other men of equally limited accomplishments.

Applicant M-3 is 38 or 40 years of age, single, born in Canada. He left school about 15 years of age from the senior 4th class. Did various jobs until 17 years of age, when he went to Guelph and worked as a factory hand for 7 years. When about 24 years of age he came to Toronto and worked in a shipping room for 2 years, and later worked for 4 years as a sales clerk in hardware. Hearing of great wealth he tried selling industrial insurance in Canada and the U.S.A. for 5 years. Concluding that the insurance game was played out, he went back to the hardware sales clerk for 1 year and worked as a factory hand in Detroit for 1 year. He was then transferred to the production department of the factory, where he stayed for 1 year, quit and came to Canada. His success has been largely due to fine physical appearance. His failure to lack of training and frequent change of occupation. He now registers as production manager.

INDIFFERENCE.

Among those looking for work there are always some who are not very anxious to find it. They do not value highly "the glorious privilege of being independent." They have no keen sense of responsibility for themselves and their dependents. If their job only lasts part of the year "they should worry." They are particular as to the kind of work they will accept, and if the job they want is not at present available, they don't at all mind waiting.

This class did not form a very large proportion of our five hundred (two and one-half per cent.) But it is a real factor in the unemployment problem, and some samples are cited below.

Applicant 10 is 23 years of age, born in Ireland and came to Canada with his parents 10 years ago. The boy worked on a farm with his parents. He left the farm in 1925 and came to Toronto, where he secured work as a dishwasher in a res-

taurant since then. He has been out of work for 2 months, refuses to take a job as a farm hand, wants to stay in town and desires another job as dishwasher.

Applicant 29 is 45 years of age, born in Canada, and is registered as married. The number of his dependents is doubtful. His usual occupation is that of a general laborer and foreman in the bush. He worked for 11 months as a laborer and rough carpenter, and has been back in Toronto about a month. Although he was interviewed at a time of the year when laboring work was plentiful, he claimed that it was impossible for him to find employment. The interviewer states: "Perhaps he is rather particular as to the nature of the work he wishes to do."

Applicant 468 is a Canadian by birth, approximately 36 years of age. He is married and has 4 dependents. His occupation is that of a laborer and he has been given every opportunity—particularly by one firm—to earn a good income at a steady job. He is obviously of a low grade intellectually and is married to a woman with little or no real home-making ability, according to information furnished by social service workers. The family has been helped by various institutions and churches, and it is evident that this case is one where the major difficulty is not lack of employment but unwillingness to work.

Applicant 496 has been in Canada for the past 5 years, four years of which he spent as a farm hand, and since that time he has been employed as a bush hand and as a general laborer. During August and September, when there was a keen demand for farm help, this applicant did not care to accept work of this nature, but stated "he was tired of farm work." He is 24 years of age and single.

Although he is only 30 years of age, Applicant 430 has six dependents. He claims to have been a carpenter, but he can not accept carpentry work, having lost his tools. During the winter he was employed as a varnish rubber on motor cars, work which he seems to prefer to that of a carpenter. This man's mental attitude and his partial lack of interest in finding employment seemed to result from the fact that he resents the personal sacrifices necessary for him to support his family.

Applicant 133 was born in England 38 years ago, but has been in Canada fifteen years. His education was received at the public schools and he received no training for any trade. Leaving school at fourteen, he secured a job in a warehouse in England and came to this country at 23 years of age. Since

then he has worked as a general laborer on a farm, in factories, warehouses, etc. His usual occupation is that of a shipper, and he followed this for five years with a printing house. He was a shipper for five years also with a gelatine and glue factory, but was laid off six months ago. Since then he has been waiting for the firm to start up work again and has not been looking for anything else in the meantime.

PERSONALITY.

Under this head may be grouped a number of personal factors not easily classified otherwise, unemployment may be due to habits, e.g., drinking, though this is rare, as far as the records show. The cause may be a poor appearance or address, which is against the applicant for a position, or even some physical defect, such as deafness or hearing of defective eyesight. And more numerous than any of these are cases of a borderline variety. The interviewer sometimes has noted his impression that there is a personal factor in the case, without there being any specific facts in the record to indicate it. The situation in such cases is that the applicant has made so unfavorable an impression on the interviewer that the latter expects that he would make a similar impression on any prospective employer. Some of those in this group are scarcely distinguishable from some of the preceding group. They are irresponsible, lacking in initiative, not aggressive in hunting work. They may not be unwilling to work if a job is found for them, but they are not effective in seeking one.

Applicant 11 is 29 years of age, the son of a farmer in Nova Scotia. He had very little schooling and has had various jobs as farm hand, general laborer, lumberjack, etc. He is well known in the office as a bush worker in winter and a laborer in summer on the railroads. Every spring he comes to town with his money and does not work until the money is spent. After a spree in town he registers with us as a painter.

Applicant A-9 is 40 years of age, single, born in Canada. He left school at the age of 14 and worked for 2 or 3 years as deck hand on cargo boats on the lakes. He next worked in the United States as teamster in summer and lumberjack in winter. For the last 15 years has been a lumberjack in winter and a harvest hand in the fall. He has been out of work for three weeks in Toronto. Personal factors predominate. He spent his winter earnings in town—is just recovering from the last wild time.

Applicant 131 is a Canadian by birth, 46 years of age, but unmarried. His education was that of the ordinary public

school, and he had no training or apprenticeship in any trade. He left school at 14 years of age and since then has been employed as a general laborer, a farm hand or a railroad laborer. He was a switchman in a railroad yard, but was discharged in June of this year probably because of drinking. He likes railroad work and admits that he has not looked for another job since, as he hopes to get back with the railroad. He is physically fit and mentally normal. He is registered as a laborer.

Applicant 19 is 36 years of age, looks older, is married and has one child. He was born in England and has been in Canada for 12 months. He left school at the age of 14, and after doing a number of odd jobs became a laborer on the L. M. & S. Railway, in England, where he stayed for 7 years. He was then employed as a laborer in a dye house for two and a half years, and came to Canada. Since coming to Canada one year ago has had occasional odd jobs; his wife works steadily. The probable reason of his unemployment is his physical condition. He is a lightweight, short, and of less than average intelligence. Would class as a low-grade laborer.

Applicant 460 is a Canadian, 48 years of age, married, and with 4 dependents. He has been a commercial traveller, selling books for many years. This was followed by 5 years as a shipper, which job he left to float a company. The idea behind the company may or may not be a good one, but the interviewer's comment is that the applicant does not appear to be the type of man who could promote a good concern.

Applicant A-11 is 40 years of age, single, born in Ireland, and has resided in Canada for 21 years. After leaving school he was apprenticed to a grocer for 5 years. At the age of 21 he came to Canada carrying personal references to men in the grocery business, who could have placed him in such an occupation. He still has these letters. Despite his references he was not placed in the grocery business, working as a casual laborer for 9 years until 1915. He then enlisted and was discharged in 1919. He took a vocational course in London, Ont., in the grocery trade in 1920. Did not make good, and in 1921 was an hospital orderly in London. He has worked as hospital orderly in London, Toronto, and Hamilton ever since. Physical and mental lightweight. Absolutely non-aggressive, pleasant social attitude. Hospital orderly is the line of least resistance.

Applicant 109 has been in Canada for 13 years, coming here from Ireland in 1913. He is married and has two dependents. His industrial history shows that his principal occupation has been as a salesman and collector for a small firm operating

largely on a credit basis. When the firm failed, he was thrown out of employment, and as he has had only a fair education, and is troubled with poor eyesight, his chances of securing work are limited. He might make good on a routine clerical job, but his personality is a handicap so far as a sales position is concerned.

THE DISHWASHER

By JIM SEYMOUR

*Alone in the kitchen, in grease-laden steam,
I pause for a moment—a moment to dream;
For even a dishwasher thinks of a day,
Wherein there'll be leisure for rest and for play.
And now that I pause, o'er the tansom there floats,
A strain of the Traumer's soul stirring notes.
Engulfed in a blending of sorrow and glee,
I wonder that music can reach even me.*

*But now I am thinking; my brain has been stirred.
The voice of a master, the lovely has heard.
The heart-breaking sobs of the sad violin,
Arouse the thoughts of the street might have been.
Had men been born equal, the use of their brain,
Would shield them from poverty; free them from
pain,
Nor would I have sunk into the black social mire,
Because of poor judgment in choosing a sire.*

*But now I am only a slave of the mill,
That plies and remodels me just as it will;
That makes me a dullard in brain burning heat;
That looks at rich viands not daring to eat;
That works with his red, blistered hands ever stuck,
Down deep in the foul indescribable muck;
Where dishes are plunged seventeen at a time;
And washed in a tubful of sickening slime.*

Applicant 427 is that of a man from New Brunswick seeking employment in Toronto. He is 23 years of age and was born in Canada. He has worked as a factory hand with an automobile firm in Detroit, and has also had 5 months' experience as a bus driver in New Brunswick. He states that he would like to be an hotel porter. The interviewer describes him

as lacking in aggressiveness and with an undecided mental attitude which makes it very difficult to help him in securing work.

Applicant A-8 is 28 years of age, married, one child, born in England, and has resided in Canada for 27 years. His father was a tradesman, and applicant left school at the age of 15 from the senior fourth grade. After leaving school he spent 2 years job testing till 1915, when he obtained a job as sales clerk where he remained for two years at \$15 a week. In 1917 he enlisted in the C. E. F., discharged in 1919. He returned to his job as sales clerk for 8 months, but left because, having married after his discharge from the army, he found his wages insufficient. In 1919 wages for laborers were high in comparison with sales clerks, so he became a general laborer and factory hand with the Durant Motor Company till 1921. In 1922 he worked for Ford Motor Company. In 1923 as general laborer on sewer work. In 1924 at Ford Manufacturing Company. In 1925 as helper to an electrician. In 1926 as general laborer Consumers Gas, etc. He has been out of work for 11 weeks (a period above the average). Man is irritable, critical, disappointed, and blames his marriage as the cause of his failures.

The interviewer observes: "This man regards marriage (as many men do) as something for which he cannot be held responsible. (An accident over which he had no control). His wife's incentive and inspiration was in the wrong direction. As a result of unemployment he is losing his home, which he has partially paid for. This man was not ready for the responsibilities of a married man."

Applicant A-4 is 37 years of age, married, has one child, and was born in Ireland. He has resided in Canada for 6 months. His parents were farmers in Ireland, and he worked for them for some years after leaving school. He then worked in a grocery store. In 1917, enlisted in Imperial Army, discharged in 1920. In 1921, married a cook, and for the next two years he worked as houseman with his wife a cook for private families in Ireland. In 1925 he went to the U.S.A., where he worked as houseman with his wife as cook for private families. In April, 1925, he came to Toronto and invested his money in a boarding house. Wife has a child and can no longer cook, so man seeks job as houseman. Physically fit. Intelligence and schooling of a general laborer, very little initiative. Depends on his wife. Typical houseman of medium ability.

In conclusion, your committee, in presenting this report, desires again to emphasize the "human interest" aspect of it.

We are quite aware that it offers no solution for the unemployment problem in general, and that only in a very limited way does it afford ground for suggestions which might relieve certain phases of unemployment. Such suggestions as might be based on it are:—

- (a) The importance of care regarding the qualifications and experience of persons encouraged to immigrate from older countries, especially if they are of or approaching middle age.
- (b) The importance of education or training of the young to increase their fitness and adaptability for industrial life.
- (c) The need of measures to provide employment in the slack season of certain industries, so as to absorb the labor surplus.
- (d) The importance of social insurance to provide otherwise than by charity for the compulsorily unemployed, and those incapacitated by age.

Such proposals as the above have, however, been stressed by the committee in previous reports on the general subject of unemployment. Here, therefore, as in the beginning, we beg to direct attention to the point that this is not so much a study of unemployment in the abstract, as of unemployed persons as actual human beings. So far as we are aware, this is the first time that a study of this kind has ever been undertaken in this country. And it is our modest hope that it may make a real, if slight, contribution to the understanding of the human side of this great industrial and social problem. Not infrequently persons who have had unfortunate experiences with some of the unemployed, or have heard such experiences of others respected, have hastily based upon a few such cases unjustifiably wide generalizations. Here is a study of five hundred cases, not selected on any basis, but taken at random. The study shows the operation of industrial causes which are independent of any personal factors. A small fraction only of the five hundred were of the class who "look for work and pray not to find it," and while with many others there were contributory personal factors of various kinds, yet in the majority even of these cases the industrial or economic conditions were the basic ones, the personal factors simply making the individuals less able to meet those conditions. And the personal defect or lack was by no means always one for which the individual himself was to blame.

The attempt throughout has been, however, not to reduce these generalizations to statistical form but to centre attention on persons rather than statistics, in order to contribute to the knowledge of "how the other half lives."

—EXTRACT FROM THE INDIVIDUAL LIFE COMMITTEE
OF THE SOCIAL SERVICE COUNCIL OF CANADA.

THE MEN ON THE STEM

By CHARLES THORNBURN

*With ever restless tread, they come and go,
Or lean intent against the grimy wall,
These men whom fate has battered to and fro,
In the grim game of life, from which they all
Have found so much of that which is unkind,
Still hoping on, that fortune yet may mend,
With sullen stare, and features hard and lined,
They wander off to nowhere, and the end.*

*Their thoughts we may not fathom, in their eyes
One seems to sense a vision, as though fate
Had let one little glimpse of fairer skies
Brighten their souls before she closed the gate.
Yet have they hopes and dreams which bring them
peace,
Adding to life's flat liquor just the blend
Called courage, that their efforts may not cease
To seek the gold, hid at the rainbow's end.*

WHY MEN FAIL

FEW MEN are willing to admit that they are failures. Of those who are ready to face the fact, a large number will persist in wondering "Why?" Few will ever blame themselves.

Why do we fail? The Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau gives a rather interesting table of reasons under which the palpable failure may hide his diminished head.

Out of 100 men—

- 37 fail for lack of industry.
- 37 fail because discouraged.
- 12 fail by not following instructions.
- 8 fail for lack of knowledge.
- 4 fail through dishonesty.
- 2 fail because of ill luck.

There are, of course, other reasons that could be listed, but the above are fairly comprehensive. It is noticeable that a goodly percentage fail for lack of industry. The man who won't work cannot expect to get very far. In an age of keen competition it is only the industrious who can hold their own with any measure of success. The lazy man is doomed to failure from the outset. And how many will admit they are lazy?

An equal number lapse because of discouragement. It is very easy to become dispirited, to feel that all the world is against you. But when a man begins to feel sorry for himself, he begins at the same moment to lose his grip.

It is frequently hard to combat discouragement but the fellow who is sufficiently optimistic to look beyond an unhappy present with faith in future opportunities is not predestined to failure.

Twelve out of a hundred fail by not following instructions. There are and always will be men and women who know it all. They can't be told anything. Their way is best. They disregard instructions from those who are in a position to guide their steps and if they fail—as statistics show they do—they naturally blame someone else. Their own pig-headedness is not taken into consideration.

Eight per cent. fail from lack of knowledge. Herein the failure may not be entirely to blame. The foundation of his education or his apprenticeship may have been lacking. His ignorance may be due to forces beyond his control. At the same time, a man who does not know his job, is but a square peg in a round hole. He is a misfit, doomed to failure from the outset.

Only four per cent. fail through dishonesty. The dishonest worker is a failure from an ethical viewpoint no matter where he is placed. Inevitably his sin will find him out. The liar, the cheat, or the thief, is bound to come a cropper, sooner or later. He has no place in the general scheme of things. Whether he juggles in high finance or indulges in dishonest acts on a small scale, he does not belong among honest people.

THE HOBO—AN INDIVIDUALIST

MANY of these homeless men have been born that way. They are individualists; they refuse to submit to discipline or training of any kind. In the home, the school, or the community they are a problem, and our present system is not able to deal with them.

The Bohemian instincts find expression in the life of these men, free to come, free to go, to work or wander, sleep or wake, calling no man their master, following their own whims and fancies; they want to be free. Perhaps this is a revolt against the kind of life we are all living, where we have bound ourselves by customs, traditions, and habits that hamper life. Maybe the hobo is closer to nature and closer to truth than some of us are. Possessing nothing, he is monarch of all he surveys. A stock crash does not matter to him so long as he can collect enough for the milligan pot; special railway rates and time tables do not interest him because he can hit the trail when he feels like it, and walk or ride or catch the freight on the fly for nowhere in particular, just as the spirit moves him. The changing fashions amuse the hobo. A shirt, a pair of overalls, socks and boots are all he has to worry about. He is free, the master of his own life, to wander where he likes.

THE WHITE COLLAR BRIGADE

IT IS a common thing to find in the bread line men who have been accustomed to clerical work and who find themselves there through no fault of their own, the victim of circumstances over which they have no control. The introduction of office machinery, aiding, subtracting and checking machines, has eliminated the bookkeeper and the accountant, and now they are standing in the bread line, and for the first time in their lives they know not which way to turn. They are not fit to work in the relief gang digging ditches. Some of them have gone out and broken down, taken sick and I have buried them. They have become a burden on the State, not able to adjust themselves to new conditions.

BOOM DAYS

LARGE numbers of these men were persuaded to leave their homes in the Old Country and come to Canada. The shipping agents, the railway companies and contractors brought these men out by the thousand for construction work of all kinds. They were needed to do what the machine could not and never can do. There was no limit to the number brought to Canada. Indeed, it was thought in some quarters that there was a deliberate attempt to bring in large numbers of these men so as to flood the labor market and keep wages down. I do not know how far that was true, but one thing is certain, that the heartless manner in which these men have been dumped on the labor market when the work has been completed and the indifference to their spiritual and moral needs leaves the impression on their minds that nobody cares for them when they are down and out. They are the product of a badly organized social, religious and economic system.

THE HOB0 AND THE CLIMATE

IT IS a well known fact that thousands of these homeless men flock to the coast cities of Canada for the winter months. They know they will not freeze on the coast, and there will always be a chance on the "Stem" of "getting by" somehow.

During normal times these men make enough money in the lumber camp, in the cannery, in the mines, on the boats, and in the harvest fields to get by during the winter. When they have a roll of two hundred or three hundred dollars, everybody gives them the glad hand because they have a little money.

The owners of cheap lodging houses give them board and room while their money lasts. Although I must say some of them, during this past winter, have been very considerate to these men by giving them credit, trusting that when they get work they will make good and pay their debts.

During a time of depression so universal as that of the present year, thousands of these men found it impossible to get by, and for the first time in their lives, they had to depend on others for help.

It was pitiful to listen to some of their stories as they told

of having sold all they had to keep body and soul together until at last they were down to what they had on their back.

Then there are personal factors. When you look into the faces of some of these homeless men you realize that there are defective personalities and of a subnormal type. There is a spirit of instability manifest among them. They have not been able to match up to the demands of modern life. There is evidence of emotional instability. Many of them learned their first lesson by playing truant from school. They were not able to make the grade and developed a dislike to anything that required mental effort. They rebelled against discipline. They lacked the power of concentration and these things have placed a serious handicap on their lives. Many of these men never knew what a home was; no happiness in their childhood. Many of them never experienced the love of a father or mother. They had been left to the mercy of the world, or if placed in institutions they resented the discipline. When talking to some of these men one realizes the value of a good home, and the powerful influence of environment on human life and experience.

Sometimes an act of indiscretion and a sense of shame has cost many a young man to overestimate the wrong done, and he has disappeared from the community. For years he may wander on the face of the earth and the longer he is away because of his ego-centricity, he magnifies his problem.

Even as I write this, a young man has come to my office from the penitentiary where he served five years, and now he feels he cannot go back to his friends. He prefers to quit the old home rather than face the criticism of the community.

THE BOSS

THERE are some employers and foremen who have not lost that fellow-feeling that makes the whole world kin. There are others who have just enough brains to keep them above the brute level but who are as coarse as animals in their attitude to those who happen to be under their control. They have the bullying nature in them, and their main qualifications seem to be a stentorian voice, a temper as hot as Hades and a vocabulary that includes every swear word ever invented or conceived by the depraved mind of man.

The following actual incident illustrates what I mean. A foreman was watching a foreigner doing a job. Suddenly, be-

cause of a slip he made, he burst forth into a terrible tirade of abuse—"Here, you D..... bolunk, what the H..... are you doing! The man turned, for a moment surprised at hearing the word "bolunk," and he replied: "Me no bolunk, me Canadian; me drink, me smoke, me swear, me Canadian," and according to his idea of a Canadian he was ready to fight the boss to a finish. After a while that kind of treatment destroys a man's respect and he quits and moves on to another camp to get a worse dose than before.

THE MACHINE AGE

ONE OF the main factors in the disorganization of labor in this age is the modern machine. Each year thousands of human hands are being displaced through the introduction of machinery.

I can remember when I was a boy, the old-fashioned hand looms, slow but sure. Then I can remember the introduction of the fast power loom with the shuttle moving at lightning speed with one man or woman tending several machines. Thousands of miners will never again go beneath the surface to follow the vocation for which they have been trained.

Because of the introduction of oil burners in ships and railroad engines, the development of electric power, and the harnessing of millions of white horses; the modern use of white fuel instead of black, for cooking and heating has changed the outlook of the whole mining industry.

The construction of powerful locomotives capable of hauling trains a mile long has meant displacement of train crews representing thousands of men.

When a great building is to be erected and the excavation is started, previously a small army of men with teams of horses, shovels, wheelbarrows, did the work, now only a few men are required and a great, black throbbing monster rips and tears the earth, lifts it by the ton as a mother would her baby, deposits it in powerful caterpillar trucks that can drag themselves out of the deep holes in the excavation.

The other day one of the large companies located in one of the big cities of Canada, advertised for five hundred men, fifteen hundred swarmed the employment office seeking for work. When they saw those huge machines they became enraged and tried to

destroy them just as a hundred years ago they attacked the loom and spinning machines in England.

The same changes are taking place on the farm. It is not many years since the farmers required a great army of men to help with the harvest. Now with the introduction of machinery and particularly the combine, the average farmer is able to handle the crop with only a very few hands.

Not many years ago at the Head of the Lakes, where I resided for a time, all the grain was loaded by wheelbarrows and hundreds of men were kept busy pouring it into the holds of the freighters. Now a modern ship like the *Lenoyez* can load 560,000 bushels of grain in less than four hours. It is not necessary to elaborate on this point. We are living in the machine age. It is working in every part of industry. It has come to stay and we have not yet been able to adjust ourselves to new conditions. Thousands of men each year are being set adrift because of the introduction of machinery.

This story in the *Province* will help to illustrate more clearly what I have in mind:

A TALE OF A POLE

There was an excellent object lesson, outside the office of *The Province* yesterday, in that condition which has come to be known as technological unemployment. To give more room for traffic on Cambie Street, the sidewalk along Victory Square is to be narrowed, and it has become necessary to set the trolley poles back a few feet. The hole for the new pole had been dug, and the pole, a great, heavy affair of steel, lay on the ground ready to be installed. In other days it would have taken a whole gang of men with pike poles and ropes and a derrick to put the thing in place. But, on this occasion, while the gang looked on—and drew no pay for looking—a long-nosed machine on a truck pushed its way up to the pole, swung the thing into the air, lodged it in the hole and straightened it up to true. One man operated the machine, another operated the truck, a third saw that the pole was straight up and down. The machine did the work, the men pulled levers, and the unemployed looked on.

A little later another machine appeared on the job—a cement mixer on another truck. Inside a tank were cement and water and navy jack, and great steel arms moved round and round, stirring up the mess. When all was ready, the truck backed up to the pole, a chute was adjusted, a trap was opened and the liquid concrete with a little help from a couple of shovels, flowed

down into the hole and filled it up. A couple of men on the truck and a couple of men below—five minutes work and it was all over. In other days the same number of men with barrows and shovels would have been at the job for an hour or two.

We are living in a mechanical age in which the machine does the work and men work the machine; and at times it appears as though the machine is taking the bread out of men's mouths. It seemed so on Cambie Street yesterday, as the machines handled the pole and the unemployed stood by. But that was by no means the whole story. What made it necessary to plant a new pole? The traffic on Cambie Street. And this traffic is made up of motor cars—machines. And what is the function of the pole? To hold up a trolley wire for the operation of the street car—a machine. Had we been back in the times, a couple of generations ago—before the motor car or the street car—the pole, if erected, would have been erected by hand labor and the cement would have been mixed by hand and shovelled into the hole. No doubt, more men would have been employed. But there wouldn't have been any pole, because there would have been no need for it. So there wouldn't have been any unemployment at all in connection with it. Whatever employment there was in connection with the Cambie Street pole was the indirect result of a machine—created demand.

Machines are accused of destroying employment. No doubt they do. But they make more than they destroy. Like the Mississippi or the Peace or any other river with banks easily worn away, machinery is continually pulling down and building up. It destroys to create and it creates only to destroy again. Those who benefit by the creation are happy for the time, but it is small satisfaction to those whose employment is destroyed to know that employment for someone else is being built up somewhere else.

MACHINES AND MEN

WE are told that during the period from 1899 to 1919 the wages of workers increased 11 per cent., but in the ten years from 1919 to 1929 they increased 53 per cent. In 1918 it took one man all day to make 40 electric light bulbs, but the very next year a machine came along which turned out 73,000 bulbs in twenty-four hours. Each of these machines threw 992 men out of work. In the boot and shoe manufacture 100

machines take the place of 25,000 men. In the manufacture of razor blades, one man now turns out 32,000 blades in the same time that it took in 1913 to manufacture 500 blades. In automobile factories the same thing is in evidence. In one case 200 men are turning out between 7,000 and 9,000 frames a day. President Green of the American Federation of Labor, says that the trouble is that the country needs 6,000,000 new jobs. During the last ten years the increase in population has brought over 5,500,000 more persons who want jobs, while the jobs in manufacturing plants have decreased by 585,000.

ENFORCED IDLENESS

THIS is what impressed me most in my talk with the men in the jungle. The demoralizing effect of forced idleness, nothing to do, and all day and night to do it in. The daily talk with the low down characters. The awful helplessness of their position made them feel: "What is the use of trying to find work; better to stay right here in the dump," and so in a land which needs the work of strong men, they are forced, by circumstances over which they have no control, to deteriorate in idleness. The softening process sets in and their physical, moral, and social fibre decays.

SINS OF THE HOBO

SIN IS a theological term and literally means "missing the mark." This can be well applied to the homeless man, because of all classes of men, he has most certainly, in more ways than one, "missed the mark."

Sin may be classed under different headings. There are sins of the mind, dispositions of the heart, and sins of the flesh. If I read my New Testament aright I find that Jesus condemned strongly the sins of hypocrisy, selfishness, covetousness and lying. On the other hand, while never condoning, He always spoke with a kinder tone in his voice when dealing with the sins of the flesh; as in the example of the Woman of Samaria, Mary of Magdalen, and others. The sins of the hobo belong to the latter class.

THE HOBO AND ALCOHOL

AFTER I had given an address one night in one of our churches in which I had pointed out the condition of these men, a lady called on me the next day and in a spirit of great indignation, declared that these men wasted their substance in riotous living, and that was the reason why they were so hard up. She quoted for example one of our leading statesmen, a very wealthy man, who said: "In all his life, he had never touched alcohol." "Now," she said, "See how rich he is." It made my blood boil that anyone could be so ignorant and blind as to make such a statement. We must acknowledge there is a certain element of truth in the charge, but during the present emergency, these men made very little money, either in the bush, the mine, or the harvest field to spend on riotous living.

I always think of the experience of the Prophet Ezekiel, when writing about the life of the exiled people in Babylon. He was a wise man, and in order to interpret the feelings of all the exiles properly, he went down and lived among them, and said: "I sat where they sat."

Can you imagine the feelings of these homeless men when they have a few dollars to spend. For months they may have been working in a construction camp, or in a mine, miles from civilization. The Church has shown little interest in them apart from the fact that some church members may have invested their money in the project on which they are working, and they are looking for their dividends in return.

The human element does not appeal to the average investor even among some of the church members. It is none of their business, and in that way they save their consciences and thank God they are not as other men.

The Shantymans' Mission may have an itinerant colporteur calling once a month, holding a service in the bunkhouse, taking a collection and then passing on.

The Frontier College may have a student working during the day and helping the men, and in his spare hours teaching them English and other elementary subjects.

There is a hungering in their hearts for fellowship, and out in the bush, down in the mine, below decks in a scorching stockhold, or out in the fields, they are counting the days when they will be able to make the town and have a real good time

blowing in their money and then, after a rest, back to the camp again to make more money and do the same again.

Now, let us look at the situation. When the hobo comes to town, organized religion means little or nothing to him, but the saloon keeper, the prostitute, and the gambling den are all set, to rob him of his hard earned money. Because he hears no other invitation, he follows their leadership and lets go. We blame the hobo, but put yourself in his place and what would you do? If you have done nothing to help him fight his battle, make life a little more pleasant by showing a friendly hand, you have no right to throw stones at him when he follows the wrong course.

He will drink while his money lasts, and like the Prodigal will have no lack of friends. Then when his money is gone, the saloon keeper or the beer parlor proprietor and all the others get rid of him quickly. He will endeavor to prolong the debauch by begging from his associates, then, when he has exhausted his efforts, he returns to work, a sadder, but unfortunately not a wiser man.

One of the most dangerous drinking habits of the hobo is that of drinking canned heat. It is cheap, easy of access, gives a real kick, and makes a good finish when it kills them off. They will smuggle it into lodging houses, rip the sheets and pillow cases and squeeze the alcohol out of the wax and drink it. The latest I heard of is that some of them spread it on bread and eat it like a sandwich. It makes them blind, it makes them mad, and finally they take the count.

A man has gone very low down when he turns to canned heat to satisfy that awful craving for liquor, and he becomes what the hobos term "a rummy stiff."

Yet it is scientifically true that the hobo who comes in for an occasional spree once or twice a year, is less an alcoholic than the moderate drinker who has his tot of liquor every day. Out in the woods where the perspiration flows freely, he cleans his body of the vile poisons and regains his balance again. Not so with the moderate drinker. He keeps on till his liver is as hard as nails, and then something happens and he is given a nice funeral and a preacher is called in to speak nice words that don't mean a thing.

We must not blame the hobo when we remember the movements of utter loneliness which fill his heart, but rather let us lay the blame at the door of an indifferent self-centred society that refuses to deal with this problem, or at the door of the organized church that has allowed, by its moral and spiritual

laziness, the liquor interests to fasten their fangs on the body politic, or at the door of the politicians, who have been and are still, on their own confession, fattening themselves on the brewer's "Pup" and making themselves the ready tools of the liquor interests.

Hobos, like all others who fall into the habits of intemperance, are the victims of a social order which, by its selfishness, refuses to deal with the traffic by the only known remedy, prohibition of the manufacture, sale and exportation of the cursed stuff.

THE HOBOS AND GAMBLING

THE OLD desire to get something for nothing makes a tremendous appeal to the homeless man as it does to other individuals in society. The reckless, free, roving type of life encourages this habit. If he has no one to direct his leisure hours in the camp, he is bound to fall a victim to one evil habit or another. The flares of the white lights in the city, the pool rooms with their back parlors, the numerous dives and traps set for these unfortunate men make a tremendous appeal to him, and he readily falls a victim. It is tragic to listen to many of these men as they recite the story of their experiences. With some, experience is the only school by which they will learn.

THE SLANG OF THE HOBOS

IN THE course of time, there has grown up an extensive vocabulary of very expressive terms used by these "Knights of the Rods," thus forming a language all their own, just as the gypsies of Europe and America have a dialect peculiar to themselves.

In order to express their feelings on all manner of subjects and situations, the hobos have coined these phrases. They have been passed on from one jungle to another, and now are recognized as part of their daily slang. We have already described the difference between the hobo, the tramp, and the bum; here is a rather original and lucid definition: The bum loaf

and sits, the tramp loaf and walks, but the hobo moves, works, and is clean.

"Bo" is short for hobo. I read recently where an endeavor was made to trace the origin of the word to the American Civil War. When soldiers walking through the country were asked where they were going, they would reply "Homeward Bound." This became abbreviated to "hobo."

The Boomer is a man who has a trade but cannot stay long in one place, and so keeps moving about. This type of worker has played an important part in the development of Canada. This man has the skill but lacks the stick-to-it-iveness and so with a streak of wanderlust in his blood, he prefers to keep moving from job to job.

"Shorty" is the fellow who stands over six feet and because of his size he is generally addressed by his fellow hobos as "Shorty." If a hobo blows into the jungle with red hair, he is called "Ginger" and answers to that name as his mother would call him George. If any fellow lets it be known that his name is Miller, they forget that name and call him "Dusty."

A Mocher is a man who begs from people in the street. The Dummy is one who has studied the art of playing dumb. The Blinker is a man who stands and begs because he is blind, but not so blind as to know when a phoney coin is being given to him. Canned heat artists or "White Lined Stiffs" are the names given to the fellows who drink the deadly wood alcohol. The Flopper is the man you see on the edge of the curb selling some kind of wares, or just begging.

A flop is a bed, and with the added adjective, "lousy," is one of the strongest terms in the language of the hobo. The hobo, because he is clean, detests vermin, while the bum always feels at home with a few fleas on his shirt to keep him busy and remind him that he is not all bum. "Peg" is the name applied to the fellow who has lost a foot. "Stick" is the name given to the man who has lost a leg, and so on the list goes in a most interesting and striking manner. Every day some new term is being coined while the old ones are being forgotten.

The hobo is an expert at the coining of new and expressive swear words, and when angered he can make the air so blue with the language that even the devil himself would blush to hear. It would not be wise to repeat them in a story such as this, but it arouses a very interesting question: What is a swear word, and by what law of association do we measure them? There are words which reveal the vulgar, coarse mind and nature. Again there are words which reveal the perverted

nature, having reference to obscene ideas in the mind of man. They come from a polluted nature, and let me remark here, they are not confined to the hobo, but reveal the diseased minds which are also found in the ranks of the intelligencia.

There are other words that arise to the lips in moments of stress and anger. You will hear them used in the most select society because when the heart is evil and the mind polluted, dress and environment are only secondary things.

The hobo expresses himself in a very frank and candid manner. The name of God and the name of Jesus are often on his lips, and are used without any thought of their higher spiritual relationship. Just a word with no suggestion or thought of reverence on the part of the user.

The hobo is no worse than some so called respectable people who take the name of God in vain and yet make a profession of religion. Both need to be told that it is a sin to take the name of God in vain. You can imagine better than I would dare to describe what obscene thoughts and expressions would come from a group of men living as these homeless men are compelled to do, away from all the finer contacts of life, with all restraints and inhibitions broken down. Let us not condemn them unless we know all the experiences through which they may have passed.

The sin of profanity, the sin of vulgarity, and the sins of the flesh are all expressed in the vocabulary of the hobo, but let him who is without sin, cast the first stone.

THE SEX LIFE OF THE HOB0

BEING human, there are moments in his life when the hobo hungers and craves for the fellowship and intimate association of a good woman.

We must remember that most of these men had a home and a mother. They oftentimes think, but rarely speak unless asked a question about them. We noticed that while we were serving the meals at the church, the men appreciated the kindly services of the women of the church.

More than once I have heard the women say, "That boy just makes me think of my own." And I have not the slightest doubt that the hobo often said he was reminded of his own mother by contact with a Christian woman.

Every city has its special attraction for these men, when

they come to town after being away for months at a time from the contact of any women. You can well imagine the fight he has against temptation. In the Army and Navy, certain regulated areas are set apart for soldiers and sailors, and a certain amount of protection provided by medical inspection, which is more of a sham than a reality.

The hobo takes his chance, and while the money lasts and he has a good suit, he can pick and choose the young and more attractive women, who ply their evil trade; but when he is penniless, and ragged, he associates with the lowest of the low. Soon or late the homeless man finds himself the victim of a loathsome venereal disease. At first he fails to recognize how serious it is. He listens to the advice of some old prostitute and soon finds himself in a terrible plight. The door of the social clinic is rarely darkened by the homeless man. When the disease is in an active state, he becomes a menace to all with whom he associates. He may go into a camp, and before his condition is discovered, a number of other men, through drinking utensils, towels, etc., may be seriously affected.

There is another real problem in the life of the homeless man or in a group of men who assemble together. By experience he has learned the dangers of infection from the common prostitute, and so the practice of homo-sexuality has come into vogue. This situation presents a real menace for the unwary youth who, in the spirit of adventure, boards a freight train to see the country. He is immediately spotted by one of these old, hardened rascals, who will worm himself into the good graces of the boy and keep him for his own unlawful use, and he will be ready to fight for the ownership of the unfortunate youth.

We had a case of this nature in our work. A young lad who had been coming to our church, had taken sick and was not able to come for his daily rations of food. We investigated and found the lad was being held in fear and bondage in the cabin of one of these depraved men. The case was reported and the police took action and set him free. They have a special name for this type of man, he is called a Wolf.

What would you expect from the life of these homeless men than a perverted sex nature. They are far removed from the influence of pure and true womanhood except as they meet them in a Mission or welfare work. The jokes, stories and conversation, the class of literature he may read, all tend to

feed the lower passions of their nature and fill the imagination with thoughts that breed an immoral life.

Can we condemn him as we sing our hymns, read our Bibles, say our prayers, and have our association with the fine, noble Christian women we have as mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts. When we judge these men on the question of their sexual life, let us remember the background of their existence and the unnatural life which, by the laws of choice and necessity, they are compelled to live.

THE RELIGION OF THE HOBO

IT MAY surprise you to know, that from personal experience I have found a considerable number of these men have had a religious background. Sometimes it was an early contact with Sunday School or church membership. Again it was the remembrance of the religion of a good mother that impressed them most.

There are few churches engaged directly in the work among homeless men. This important task is unfortunately left to Missions of a very mixed and oftentimes questionable nature. Their theology and their understanding of the problem as well as their methods are sometimes very wide of the mark. In every city you will find at least one centre where work of this nature is carried on during the winter months.

The religion of the hobo is very simple and very direct. He has his own thoughts about God and man, and salvation and heaven. In the midst of his loneliness, he has his times of serious and earnest heart searching, and many a prayer crudely formed rises from the lips of these homeless men like the sob of a wounded heart, when they realize that every man's hand is against them, and in the words of the Psalmist: "No man careth for my soul."

There is a turning point in the life of these homeless men when they will either maintain their self respect, or they will follow the course of least resistance and go down. What a difference it would make to a man if at that moment in his life, he could come in contact with a real friend who would stand by him and steady him in the crisis.

It is the absolute sense of hopelessness that fills the hearts of these homeless men in times like these, that drive them to the depths of despair.

How real are the words of the Master when He reminded

us that life came to seek and save that which was lost. There is an unique opportunity for the Church to have some real constructive programme on behalf of these men. In every city you will find a number of downtown churches. They have been left as the tide mark of business and industry have moved inward, and the people have gradually moved outward to the suburban areas.

Many of these churches have been sold for large sums of money and the unearned increment has gone to build "Elaborated Quarries" as John McNeill, the famous Scottish evangelist called them, in the beautiful suburban areas.

Surely it should be apparent now that if cathedrals and costly churches could have saved the world, then Europe would have been Christian long ago. God is not interested in the externals of religion, but He is still vitally interested in men and women.

Too many of our modern churches have seized the opportunity to get something for nothing. They have gambled in real estate, moved into a new locality, built beautiful churches, called a safe preacher and then invited God to come and worship with them on condition that He would not interfere with their way of running religion. In the meantime, factories, warehouses, picture shows, or beer saloons have taken the place of the church in these downtown areas. The United Church of Canada has seen a vision and the great opportunity and responsibility of holding these strategic centres for the Kingdom of God, believing that it is a real Home Mission work. Then have, through the Home Mission Department, put into every centre across the Dominion of Canada, the best possible equipment, the best possible leadership, thus strengthening the forces of righteousness to meet and fight the forces of evil and to reclaim broken humanity and restore it in the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

SOULS FOR DOUGHNUTS

THE TRAMP'S CONFESSION

We huddled in the Mission

For it was cold outside,

And listened to the preacher

Tell of the Crucified.

Without a sleety drizzle

Cut deep each ragged form,

An' so we stood the talkin'

For shelter from the storm.

*They sang of Gods and Angels,
 An' Heaven's eternal joy,
 An' things I stopped believin'
 When I was still a boy.*

*They spoke of good an' evil,
 An' offered saving grace,
 An' some showed love for mankind
 Ashinin' in their face.*

*An' some their graft was workin',
 The same as me and you;
 But some was arguin' on us
 What they believed was true.*

*We sang an' dozed an' listened,
 But only feared, us men,
 The time when, service over,
 We'd have to mooch again.*

*An' walk the icy pavements,
 An' breast the snowstorm gray,
 Till the saloons was opened,
 An' there was hints of day.*

*So, when they called out, "Sinners,
 Won't you come?" I came—
 But in my face was shame—
 An' in my heart was shame—
 Fer mockin' of Thy name.*

*Fer I was cold an' hungry;
 They gave me food and bed
 After I kneeled there with them,
 An' many prayers was said.*

*An' so forgive me, Jesus,
 I didn't mean no harm—
 Fer outside it was zero
 An' inside it was warm.*

*Yes, I was cold an' hungry,
 An' oh, Thou Crucified,
 Thou Friend of all the lowly,
 Forgive the lie I lied.*

The Gospel ought to be free in every sense of the word. Nothing of any real religious value can come from the practice of holding men for three hours in a service on condition that if they sat through the service they would receive doughnuts and coffee. You can well imagine a group of men on a cold winter night, seeking the warmth of the Mission room sleeping and dozing, while the preacher gets excited about hell fire and brimstone, the only effect of which is to create a mental picture and make the men feel a little warmer. Then at the close to call out for those who will stand up for Jesus to come forward. Many of the men are forced into hypocrisy because of these tactics, and some of them are converted at every meeting they attend. Such methods as these cause a man to lose his self-respect and to be insincere. My policy would be to give the man his meal first and his medicine after.

True religion can be put into the service which will be appreciated by these men without holding the fear of hell fire and brimstone over their heads when many of them have had enough of hell in their life to last them for a long time to come.

I always remember Gypsy Smith telling of an enthusiastic worker in one of the rest camps during the War. The men had just come down from the lines and they were cold, wet and hungry. The young enthusiast shouted out, "Just a minute, boys, we will thank Jesus for this." A voice called back, "Never mind, boy, put Jesus in the coffee."

It is true these men need religion, but not so much a religion of hell fire as some think they do. They will take a lot from a man if they know he is sincere and can make good. The story is told of John Wesley, who was, on one occasion, invited to preach before a company of the Peers of the realm in England. He chose for his text, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

At the close, one of them took John Wesley severely to task for having dared to preach such a sermon on such a text to such a distinguished gathering. "You should have preached that sermon in Newgate Jail." "No, my Lord," came the ready response, "If I had been in Newgate Jail, I would have preached on the text, 'Behold the Lamb of God hath taken away the sins of the world.'"

These men appreciate a downright sincere, earnest Gospel message, and many of them have found Jesus and experienced the power of a new life, and have made good. One of our

young students found himself confronted with a real problem in one of the camps in British Columbia. He wanted to hold a service in the bunkhouse, and he was told it would be alright if he would preach a sermon from the text which would be written on the wall next Sunday. The student arrived and the men swarmed into the bunkhouse, and one fellow got up and wrote on the wall these words: "To Hell with the Church." A loud laugh greeted this announcement, and all eyes were fixed on the student. For a moment he halted. Then as if by inspiration he wrote these words: "The gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." He won out and the men appreciated his services every time he came to camp.

A simple direct message, the old familiar hymns, an earnest prayer will break down the strongest resistance of the hardest hobo, and be more effective than all the logic and argument of the most eloquent preacher, and all the hell fire and brimstone of the fanatic.

These old words are still true:—

*"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, weakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken, will vibrate once more."*

"Do you think religion does these men any good?" I am asked. "Of course I do," I reply. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many;" and "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

These men, our unfortunate brothers, are lost to those who love them, to society, to themselves, and to God, in their present condition. I believe that Jesus can help them and that He is interested in them and that His power alone can keep them.

Therefore, as a minister, I must try to help them in every way possible to get a hold on life, and from experience in dealing with men, I know that the Gospel of the Grace of God, revealed through the life of Jesus, is able to save to the uttermost.

KAGAWA VISITS THE JUNGLES

WHEN Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan, visited the city of Vancouver in August of last year, he called to see me to discuss our work in First United Church and to learn something about the slum conditions of the city of Vancouver.

The name of Kagawa is a name respected among Christians and non-Christians of every land. He is a man who believes that the Gospel of Jesus is a social Gospel. The work among the outcast classes of Japan, the sacrifices he has made on their behalf are a challenge to our Christian faith. Kagawa said: "I believe in the Gospel of social righteousness. The power of love alone can bring economic, social, political and religious emancipation."

During the course of our conversation, I suggested he would come with me down to the jungles. He readily responded. When we reached the jungles, we moved about speaking to the different groups. Kagawa sat down in one of those rude shelters beside a fellow countryman of my own, a Scotsman, and talked to him about his life and experiences. I only wish I had had a camera in my hand at that time. The words of the Prophet Ezekiel flashed to my mind: "I sat where they sat." Here was a man, this noble Christian gentleman, who has given his life and his means in the interest of the poor and under-privileged in his own native country of Japan, and who have lived and worked amid the slums, accustomed to scenes of degradation, dirt and disease, but a man with a burning passion in his soul to help his fellows. He said to me, "We have the same conditions in Japan, but I am working hard to clean them out, so that we will have no jungles in Japan." The men appreciated what he had to say to them especially when I told them who he was and what he was trying to do and that he was a friend of humanity.

HOW THE HOBO TRAVELS

WHEN you go to the booking agent at the railway station and pay your money, he gives you a ticket in exchange. It may be a piece of cardboard, or a yard of perforated paper which is your passport until you reach your destination. The hobo dispenses with all such preliminaries. A ticket office

is unnecessary to him, and he makes his plans without even consulting a timetable. When he decides on a destination, which he may never reach, but that does not worry him, he finds out what he can, not from the official agent, but from the latest arrival in the jungle over that route.

He learns what the prospects are for work, how the chances are for getting by for food on the "Sten," where the jungles are located; he will find out how the Bulls (Policemen) are acting along the line, the number who are making the grade, and all the other necessary information which will assist him in reaching the place where he fancies he would like to be. If you asked him just why he wanted to get to Montreal or Vancouver, he would only give you a flimsy excuse. The fact would be that the spirit of wanderlust was moving in his blood and he feels he must go. He travels light unless he is a Bundle or Blanket Stiff, and rolling all his possessions together, he starts for the open road. Should he want to get there in a hurry he dispenses with all these extras, puts his razor and strop in his pocket, a box of matches, and some tobacco if he is lucky enough to have any, and he hits the trail.

With a wistful look at the camp fire, a side glance at the ramshackle which has been his home for a week or more, and a word to his vagabond companions, who may be too busy, intent on doing nothing in particular to take any notice of him, he slides out into the night.

He wanders down to the railway yards keeping his eye open for the policemen, as he does not desire any free lodging at the expense of the Government.

When he arrives at the railway yards, he does not enquire which train is pulling out. There are other figures stealing along the side of the tracks evidently bent on the same purpose as himself. No word is spoken. Long experience has taught the hobo that it is better to keep his mouth shut until the train is moving and then there is lots of time to find out who's who in Hobo land.

The men disappear into the dark shadows along the track. The searchlight of the switching engine as it rounds the corner, reveals a dozen or more men who run like hunted animals to escape the light. At last the long, heavy freight, eastbound, or westbound, begins to move slowly out of the yards. Immediately out of all the dark recesses the men rush forward and climb onto the rods.

Those who are experts get on first, the greenhorns and lame birds hesitate and are helped on by their companions. The train is gaining speed every minute and usually there are a few

that are left—the old men, the cripples, and those who, at the last moment, changed their minds. The Ten-Ten which leaves Vancouver for the East every night, carries a goodly number of uninvited guests of the C.P.R.

The following story gives you a very vivid impression of the experiences of one of these men who, for the first time, rides the rods. He called at our office and I had a conversation with him, and the impressions he has set forth I am passing on to you. It was published in the Vancouver Daily Province.

JOURNAL OF AN AMATEUR BOX CAR TOURIST

Ten o'clock one evening saw me in the yards of the C.N.R. at Edmonton, waiting for the westbound freight.

I had never before ridden a freight, nor travelled without money; I had not the haziest idea of what to do. I lurked in the shadows, feeling like a criminal hoping to escape notice. I heard the monotonous beat of an engine steaming up somewhere.

A number of men materialized out of the darkness and approached the line of empty box cars. Three of them came up to me and in low tones asked when the train left. "Any time now," I replied. "She's due out at 10.30."

"We got in this morning from Montreal," volunteered one. "Things are tough there, a slight worse than here. There's hundreds riding into Winnipeg every day. They jungle right up by the tracks and the railroad police don't interfere with them. But the town's hostile all the same—pinch you on the streets for 'vag,' even if you ain't doing nothing. Everybody's broke, and you can't get a bite to eat without money. There's a bunch of men there waiting for trouble to start, and, believe me, if anything started there that town would sure hum. Provincials couldn't handle it, it'd be a militia job."

"Provincials!" sneered the other. "They're scared stiff half the time. They do their best to let on they're King Tut, but they don't know which way to jump. They can't run us out of the jungles—there'd be a riot if they did. Sometimes they pinch a few 'Bo's' just to show they ain't scared, but it don't go. We ride the trains as if we owned 'em, and the train crews don't bother. There's too many men on the road now for police control. There's thousands in Montreal; Toronto's full of 'em; there's an awful big bunch going through Winnipeg day and

night, and Vancouver's just a blamed summer resort for all the hobos in Canada."

A diminutive youth with a pack nearly as big as himself, glanced round apprehensively.

"There's a bull over there," indicating where a lantern swung through the gloom.

"Sure," scoffed the first speaker, a raw-boned, red-bearded man of middle age, "he's looking for hobos, but he's careful to look in all the wrong places and keep out of dark corners. The other night they pinched eight. There was a hundred and fifty on the train, and the bulls nabbed eight and beat it to the jail-house before they got cleaned up on."

He spat into the darkness contemptuously.

The locomotive by the roundhouse hooted twice and began to draw abreast. I went over to the track, wondering whether I should jump clean on or blunder clumsily; a fleeting vision of steel rails and rumbling wheels rose before me. The next moment I had jumped and was mounting the stepladder to the roof of a box car. I made my way along the box cars to the tender, which offered shelter from the wind.

At least twenty hobos were seated on the roofs of the first few cars and two or three were already on 'he tender. As I felt my way uncertainly from box car to tender, one of them rose and assisted me to clamber on.

"Where you heading for, young feller?" "Kamloops," I replied. "What time do we make Edson?" " 'Bout 4 o'clock in the morning; gonna be a cold run. There aren't any empty box cars on. There's never any empties on this line, but coming from Vancouver there's plenty on the seaboard freight."

We were soon clear of the light of town. The train roared through the darkness. The cold began to penetrate. Cinders, like hail, finding their way down my neck, added considerably to my discomfort.

Two hours must have passed thus when we halted. I heard the tanks filling with water. Before I could rise to my feet an overflow had soaked my legs.

I knew it would take some time before I should be dry. I no longer felt so sure of finding work. I realized I had only 40 cents in my pocket and not much food in my pack. I dreamed of a warm bed and clean sheets. Damp cinders crunched as I moved. What on earth had sent me off on this mad venture? I was a fool! I wished there were no such things as freight trains, and half resolved to go back to Edmonton next morning. At last, weariness triumphed over cold and wet—I fell asleep.

I awoke at Edson, stiff with cold. I descended from the tender and dropped to the ground heavily. It was necessary to circle the railway yards and wait an hour or more for the train to leave.

Numbers of other drifters were around me, grimy, unshaven—ordinary workmen out of a job.

A few bore the stamp of the waster. One meets on the road many of these, and pathetic indeed is their lot, meriting pity rather than blame. Worthless, drifting vagabonds, dirty and dishonest, they never know the joy of home nor the respect of their fellow men. They drift with the current, hither and thither. They know nothing of the pleasure of a task fulfilled.

The sun rose, driving out the damp chill. As we lay sunning ourselves a short, stocky fellow approached and bailed us cheerfully. He carried a blackened lard pail full of steaming tea. Squatting on the ground, he chatted between sips. He stared over to where a long line of hobos were straggling off the jungles.

"This country," he said, "has gone on the bum right. When I was in Montreal last Monday, there were suits for sale at \$2.50, Russian stuff. It's Russia that's put the rest of the world on the blink."

The man next to me grunted, "Yes, and if Russia goes on with her Five-Year Plan, she's going to stagnate Canada. Russia's dumping her stuff at less than a Chinaman's price. We can't hope to compete, even on our own markets, and she'll go on dumping till Canada is flat. That's what Russia's aiming at—to bust the rest of the world. These countries are importing cheap Russian goods, and then their own people get thrown out of work and gotta be kept. Lookit Britain, we lost our trade there. Russian grain and furs and lumber have put Canadian produce out of the field. Canada's poor and Britain can't sell us her manufactures. And where the heck is Britain? Over two million out of work and on the dole. 'Tain't doing nobody no good."

The tea drinker took up the chorus. "Lookit me," he requested proudly. "Lookit me. I ain't looking for work. 'Cos why? 'Cos there ain't none. They've abolished work. There's three classes of people getting by doing nothing today. There's your politician who's all hot air and nothing else. There's your poor guy in the kink—three squares a day and a flop and no work. Then there's your tramp—maybe three squares a day and maybe a flop, and surely no work."

"Yeah, maybe," growled one, "but more often you pull your belt in three times a day and whistle a tune for luck."

"Not if you're a good tramp, not if you're a good tramp," replied Shorty quickly.

"You can't work, you gotta be a tramp. They've abolished work. I ain't worked for nearly a year. Sure, we all want work and wages, but nobody will employ us; so we gotta be tramps. You can eat good if you know how. If you're going to be a tramp, be a good tramp." With this he finished his tea, smacked his lips appreciatively and hung the blackened lard pail on his pack. "Well, so long, buddies. See you all in Vancouver next fall."

At six o'clock the train departed, bearing a heavy cargo of men in addition to its legitimate freight. At Jasper we walked through the town to miss the yards. Soot and cinders had made me filthy. My eyes were sore and bloodshot. Young men, neat and clean, passed me with a disgusted casual glance. My humiliation was far less to be endured than any of the hardships of the road.

Leaving Jasper I rode on the roof of a box car the whole day to Blue River, stretching out at full length with my blankets beneath my head, enjoying the hot sun and the ever-changing beauty of the country. A supply of tobacco encouraged the genial mood. If one could but live on scenery, that valley would be the end of all troubles. The hobos sat in little groups, chatting and smoking, or lay at full length drowsing. Many bore the marks of privation and suffering. Gaunt, emaciated, bleary-eyed, sunk in the depths of oblivion, they twitched and grunted uneasily, or stared with hopeless eyes into the distance. I offered one a cigarette, and he clawed at it wolfishly, with hooked lean fingers like the talons of a hawk. A look of gratitude lightened his features, and soon the man was puffing contentedly. Wherever these men collect, the question foremost in their minds is, "How long is it going to last?" ever ready to discuss conditions, to regard the question from every angle, to consider the diverse opinions of their fellow wayfarer, for the most part they entertain far sounder views on the present crisis than any smug, arm chair theorist.

Freedom of speech is observed in these debates. One man has a view which he expresses, free from interruption. His opinion is then challenged or endorsed, as the case may be, by others present. They see before them the long, black void of dreary months.

Sunset and Blue River. Missing two meals left me giddy,

and the night's chill made me shudder. I slept that night on the floor of an empty box car. At Kamloops Junction, just before dawn, I left the train and made camp by the North Thompson River. Here I tarried till the following afternoon, then set out for Kamloops to get the night freight to Kelowna. On the way I met a railway policeman who enquired whether I was bound.

On Hearing I was planning to take the Canadian National from Kamloops to Kelowna, he said, "You won't get there by Canadian National. The C.N. doesn't go till Friday. (It was now Monday.) You had better take the Canadian Pacific Railway and go by way of Sicamous."

I thanked him. I passed a few hobos, some of whom were bound for Vancouver. "Why Vancouver?" I queried of one pair.

"It's as good a place as any. This is our sixth trip between Montreal and Vancouver now. We can't stay in one place, the bulls send us out of town. We gotta keep goin'." Despite the disguising grin and the hard lines about his mouth, the face and voice of the speaker suggested extreme youth. "How old are you, youngster?" I asked.

"Fifteen, and this here's my kid brother. We're travellin' together." Where are you going?" I questioned.

"Oh, just travellin'," he replied, hopelessly.

It is an interesting spectacle to watch a freight leave any of the main line divisional points. As the engine "high-balls" and draws out of the yards, one may see fifty men or more leave their various cubby-holes on either side of the line and climb the train, swarming over its entire length, seeking the best places in which to settle for the journey. The train crews are of the opinion that if they attempted to eject the hobos, they would be mobbed. The average hobo is inoffensive and law-abiding, but urged by hunger he may pilfer gardens and orchards for food.

Generally, he deplores the cases of house-breaking and shop-lifting of which one reads today. He deems it better to rob a bank than a small storekeeper.

Many hold biased opinions on politics. Socialism and capitalism, the very meaning of which words they fail to grasp. Some are frankly "Red." Usually the ne'er-do-wells hold the most radical ideas, but these form a small minority and receive but little attention.

The better class man on the road, of whom there are thousands today, strongly resents any criticism of Canada. He

is opposed to revolution. One large factor in the cause of dissatisfaction is the employment of foreigners in the face of the unemployment in this country. The common belief is that wherever it is possible those who are employing men hire foreigners rather than Canadians. I am not prepared to discuss this point, but after two weeks of travelling I have seen comparatively few foreigners on the freights. Nearly all are English-speaking people.

At the C.N.R. Depot an obliging "brakie" told me that a train left for Kelowna on the Canadian National that night before 11 p.m. I was accosted by a railway policeman. "Where are you going?" he barked. "Kelowna, C.N., tonight's freight," I replied laconically. "Yes, that's right, Mac," said the policeman, with a change of tone. "Can't get there by C.P.R., you know. We don't go that way."

"I could take the C.P.R. by way of Sicamous, couldn't I?" "Sure, you could do that, but the train doesn't go till Friday. You better take the C.N. It goes out tonight."

It was the same tune the C.N. policeman had given me. Somewhat puzzled, I wended my way to the C.N.R. yards, where, in an empty box car, I found shelter from the rain. Some other hobos were already there. From them I sought explanations for the contradictions of the police.

"They're all like that," I was told. "The C.N. bulls tell you to go by C.P., and the C.P. bulls tell you to go by C.N. Nobody wants us. Pretty soon they'll start a war to kill us all off. Jake with me. They didn't kill me in the last war. They're welcome to try again."

There seems to be a growing conviction that unless there is some improvement in conditions, a revolution will break out within the year. I doubt it. The Canadian is not a revolutionist.

There may be riots, perhaps serious ones, with the foreign population featuring largely in them, but the unemployed lack leadership, without which they can do little. Moreover, they do not incline towards violence and bloodshed. Being out of work does not transform them all from peaceful citizens to savages. Many are from the ranks of skilled craftsmen and others of similar standing. They are sufficiently well informed to realize that demonstrations and riots benefit them not at all. Of course, there are exceptions. There are also the dregs, who loaf around the cities like parish dogs—a nuisance, but for their cowardice. They form but a small number.

These are my opinions, engendered during this rough journey which continued on through Kelowna, Penticton, Vernon

and Ashcroft to Vancouver, with a little detour afoot along the Cariboo Trail. That and a night spent on the hills above Summerland were the only pleasant interludes along the way. I don't know what will happen next.

We have fixed up scores of men for the long journey across Canada. In the winter we provided them with warm clothing and food, and in the summer with a box of bread, cheese, and hard-boiled eggs, to get them by until they can make their destination.

It has become one of the pastimes for the passengers on the Trans-Canada trains to count the hobos on the freight cars. The largest number I have heard of was 252 on one train heading for the coast.

Evidently the police have been given instructions to let them pass. The municipalities know that if they arrest these men and they are sent to jail, they would have to pay \$1.00 a head per day. The trainmen realize that this is a special emergency and until the Government announces a programme of works ready, they might as well let them come. It requires lots of nerve and stamina to stand the racket on a freight train, day and night, across Canada. Some of these men have no food when they start. They trust to luck and plan to live by begging at each divisional point on the way across. Those who are old hands and know the ropes get by, some of them in grand style, but the other poor beggars have a rough time and often they are hungry.

There are many dangers to be faced, especially by those who want to make a fast trip. They climb up on the tenders of the passenger engine. About 12 or 13 men can lie there. They have to hold on like grim death mile after mile. The old hands as well as the green horns must look out for the long tunnels. The smoke and gas overcomes many of them. The plan is to soak their blanket or overcoat with water at the last divisional point, and then when they reach the tunnel they take the blanket and wrap it around their heads and keep it there until they can see light. Failure to do this may bring serious consequences on the individual through suffocation and danger of falling off.

There are no statistics available, but in the course of a year many of these men lose their lives and nothing much is heard about it. A large number of them are crippled or "winged," as they call it, through having met with serious accidents climbing on and jumping off moving trains. The hospital records

in the cities and towns across Canada, show a number of these homeless men who have met with serious accidents, which have cost them life and limb.

The body of Wilgot Lexen, cut in two, was found lying across the tracks of the Kettle Valley Railway in the tunnel half a mile west of Princeton.

Lexen, who resided in the "Jungle" west of the town, was unemployed for some time, but had just secured work with a pole gang. He was unmarried.

I remember one young lad who fell between the tracks and had both legs cut off. Nobody knew about it and only by chance was he found a little later lying bleeding to death on the tracks. The only word he could utter in the hospital was "My mother, my mother." He died a few days later, a fine, wholesome looking boy. Friends got in touch with his mother in the Old Country, and the Sons of England took charge of the service and gave him a Christian burial for which that mother will be forever grateful.

During the winter months when some of them ride the rods, they suffer terribly through frozen feet and hands, and on more than one occasion they have been frozen to death. Others again have entered an open freight car which has been closed on them and they have been unable to open it. After several days of terrible experiences they have been found nearly half dead.

During the last year when a vessel broke through the gates of one of the locks in one of the large canals, it was estimated that from 1 to 15 of these men were drowned, carried away by the rush of water which swamped them in their jungle. It is a hard way and when men are young and vigorous, they can stand the racket, but soon they fall by the wayside and join the homeguard.

Their travelling days are done, and the last journey they make is the ride to the cemetery to be buried in a pauper's grave.

THE HEALTH OF THE HOBO

WHEN you visit a jungle or meet these men on the street, at first glance they seem to be in good physical condition. The exposure to the weather has tanned their skins a deep brown. The human body has its limits of resistance, and after years of abuse and neglect, many of them fall victims of diseases of different kinds. It is in the winter when they

are forced by unemployment to live in these terrible jungles or in the lousy lodging houses where there is often no light or air in the winter months. The marvel to me is that they do not die off like flies.

T.B. takes the greatest toll of life. My heart goes out in sympathy for them when, in the bread line, I hear them coughing and coughing, many of them with very little clothing on. We had instructions from the Health Department to report on any such cases, and they usually took care of them. Rheumatism takes a very heavy toll of life among these men. Living in unhealthy surroundings, their feet soaking wet and their bodies drenched with rain, the disease lays hold of them and many of them suffer untold agony when they try to raise themselves from their beds. You do not have to ask them what is the matter, you can see it in their faces. It is evident there must be something wrong with a system in which we have manufactured so many woes, so much clothing, grown so much wheat, caught so many fish, built so many houses, and yet human beings are in such dire need.

If foot and mouth disease breaks out in any section of the Dominion of Canada, the Health authorities immediately take action to save the animals because they represent an investment of money, but when human beings are hungry and cold, sick and homeless, nobody cares except a comparatively few charitable institutions and individuals who have to urge the Government to do something on behalf of these unfortunate creatures. I am convinced it is time for a change in our social order.

INSANITY

THIS wandering, homeless life gets on the nerves of many of these men, especially if they have left a good home, and they imagine they cannot go back. There is a deep sense of shame lingering in their hearts; some of them with prison records. In some cases the old home is gone, their parents dead. Under disguise some of them have gone back to their old haunts and come away with that utter sense of loneliness in their hearts. There is nothing left in life, nobody cares; their hearts are hungering for friendship. Then something snaps. His chums find him chattering and laughing. The police are called, and they take him away. His travelling days are done. Behind the doors of the mental hospital he comes to the end of the long trail.

THE HOBO'S LAST LAMENT

Beside a Western water-tank

One cold November day,

Inside an empty box car,

A dying hobo lay.

His old pal stood beside him,

With love and drooping head,

Listening to the last words,

As the dying hobo said:

"I am going to a better land,

Where everything is bright,

Where beef steers grow on bushes,

And you sleep out every night;

And you do not have to work at all,

And never change your socks;

And streams of goodly whiskey

Come trickling down the rocks.

"Tell the bunch around the Market street,

That my face, no more, they'll view;

Tell them I've caught a fast freight,

And that I'm going straight on through.

Tell them not to weep for me,

No tears in their eyes must lurk;

For I'm going to a better land,

Where they hate the word called work.

"Hark! I hear her whistling,

I must catch her on the fly;

I would like one scoop of beer

Once more before I die."

The hobo stopped, his head fell back;

He'd sung his last refrain;

His old pal stole his coat and hat

And caught an Eastbound train.

THE HOBO AND THE COMMUNIST

THE HOBOS, tramps and bums, are the despair of the Communists. They do not know what to make of them. They will not respond to their passionate appeals. They just look and accept the inevitable, and so long as food and shelter are provided, they are content. That, of course, is their loss.

I remember on one occasion, while visiting at a mental hospital, I saw a large number of the inmates all gathered together in the centre of the grounds. I asked the attendant what would happen if they made some plan of attack. He turned to me as he said, "There is no danger of that because they can never agree on anything." They are all individualists. Whatever action they might take would be the action of the individual and not the group." That same spirit prevails among the hobos. They will talk about aims and objects, and curse and damn the capitalist system, but when it comes to the actual working out of ideas, it is impossible to do anything with them. They have a feeling that every man's hand is against them. The Boss, the Labor Party, the Capitalist and the Communist are all trying to put something over on them which they will not stand. To the hobo, all men are liars, and he prefers to run his own show. He is a man without a job, a home, a cause or country.

He has no inclination to stay anywhere when the work is done. He fails to see that only by co-operative effort can he and his class clamber out of the bog of despair into which they have fallen. I have met the Communists in their operations among the men, in the Church, in the jungle, and in the bread line.

One night we had a mass meeting of the men, when they asked me to address them. I made no bones about it, but informed them that in my judgment, the solution of all our problems, social, economic, and political, was to be found in the teachings of this Old Book. I showed them that the Old Testament prophets, like Amos and Hosea, as well as the teachings of Jesus, stood for the very things they had in their platform, and that Jesus Himself was on the side of the out-cast and the under-privileged members of society. They listened and never said a word. The Communists then wanted to talk, and I allowed them the floor. I have learned that it is a good safety valve, even in the church, to let them say their say.

They sang "The Red Flag" and went quietly out of the Church Hall.

The Communists have come down to the jungles, men and women, and tried to stop us from feeding the men, but I have just kept on, said nothing and fed the men. One day, they were distributing pamphlets down the bread line, containing some rebel stuff. I stood in full view of the long line of men. Putting one of the leaflets in my mouth, I said, "Look, fellows, you can't eat that!" and then holding a loaf of bread in my hand, I said, "But you can eat this, and while the others are doing all the talking, I will do the feeding, and we will work together for a solution of our problems."

I would like to say this word however, that I only wish the Christian Church could catch something of the spirit of the missionary zeal which is burning so strong in the heart of the Communist. One day I was called upon to bury a young Ukrainian who had died. After I had pronounced the benediction, a young man named "Mike" jumped on top of the mound of earth and began to preach to his fellow countrymen with a zeal and enthusiasm I envied. They listened intently to what he had to say. When he had finished, I said, "Mike, what did you tell those people?" He said, "I told them that our young comrade was dead, but that we, the young workers of the world, must pledge our common loyalty and work for the revolution, must pledge our common loyalty and work for the revolution and the common cause of humanity." It is the old conflict between economic determinism and spiritual determinism. My own opinion is that there must be a "via media" between these two philosophies of life. That way has not yet been found, and so we have an over-emphasis on the one side or the other. There are those who declare that economic determinism determines everything. We have to recognize the fact that there is a great deal of truth in the statement. If you take sick, your economic standing will determine whether they put you in a private ward or in the basement of the hospital. It will determine whether you live in a beautifully appointed home or try to bring up your family in a two-room tenement in the slums.

On the other hand, no matter how elaborate the home may be, or how great the salary, wages or income may be, if the moral and spiritual life of the individuals are not touched, they will, like the swine, "return to their wallowing in the mire, or like the dog to his vomit."

When the hobo stops his wandering and informs himself

of these things, he will then be more receptive to new ideas. Meantime he is more interested in getting by at the job, along the stem, or in the jungles.

Here is a picture of one of the Jungles in Toronto.

JUNGLES IN DON VALLEY

By REV. PETER BRYCE D.D.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, Ray McCleary and Peter Bryce paid a neighborly visit last night to our fellow citizens in the Don Valley.

We called first upon a group of twenty men in what appeared to be an empty brick kiln. There were that number of beds, made by the grouping of bricks, upon which were laid boards. Near each bed could be seen the occupant's clothing, severely limited, and his stock of groceries, also of Spartan proportions. A "homey" feeling was apparent. Two groups were having a cup of tea together. We received a kindly welcome and chatted together for a while. The uppermost question was about the camps. When are they going to open up? Men from Scotland, Ireland, England, and from various parts of Canada, were in this group.

We wandered outside, and found reclining against the kilns many men, all trying to make themselves comfortable for the night. By an open brazier with a bright light, sat two men, one Irish, the other from Greece. The Greek was a friendly chap, eager to talk. "This is worse than 1914. Sir, is it not? It is taking longer to get back to work." The Irishman had little to say. He was preoccupied reading the Daily Star, and the section engrossing him was not the general news, or the editorial page, or the funnies, or Eaton's advertisements, but the page devoted to stock market quotations. "Interested?" I asked. He grinned. Out of the darkness came a figure bearing a knapsack. He had just "arrived home" from Calgary, in an empty horse-car, with thirteen others. "Bad everywhere you go," he said. "Well, I guess I'll register with the clerk and sit around the rotunda for a while before going to bed."

Our next neighbor had built himself a dugout by the railway siding. He was playing a mouth-organ as we approached. His "wee hoose" had a bed for two, and his "buddy" was out for the evening. There was an improvised table with a box for a

seat. His stock of groceries was in a fruit basket, and consisted of pancake flour and a can of syrup. He had begged a bit of lumber and made a door for the dugout, for upon returning one day, they found two not very clean men on their bed, and they had to boil their bed clothing consisting of a bed-covering and an attenuated mattress, given by a man for whom he had worked. "A man can keep clean," he said. "There is lots of water." A decent, friendly chap, this neighbor of ours.

Guided by a glimmer of light we found the next camp of three men well kept. They had three individual bivouacs of rushes, built on the thatched roof plan, and bound together by stripplings sewn through the thatch. The floors were of rushes. Ventilation is from the back. By means of a chain the back may be opened or closed. The opening is screened by a curtain. These are most ingenious huts. The resourcefulness of these men impressed us greatly. If they had a blanket each, they would be "jake." It gets cold about three in the morning.

Then around an open fire we found fifteen Finlanders and a warm welcome. I sat on the grass beside one of them for a chat. He has been out of work since last autumn. He has a wife and children in Finland. "Hard times," he said. Hopes camps open soon. They sleep in box cars. "Hard bed, but pile up newspapers to make it softer." (Another use for the press.) "How do you know you own box car?" "Well, they are numbered, you know." A friendly group of men, glad to have a chat with their neighbors.

We heard singing in the darkness and found another group of men, Canadian, English, Irish, Scotch and Newfoundland, with quite a settlement of little shacks, under the cheerful command of "Captain" Macdonald. They were having a "good-by" party to three of their number, and we sat and joined in their singing of "Pack All Your Troubles." Three of their pals were leaving for Calgary and possibly Vancouver. They have not yet ordered their Pullman sleeper! "Good luck, boys," we said, as they stepped out into the darkness, three fine-looking, clean boys. We were invited to have tea and inspect the camp—first the open brazier with roaring fire, and a "wee" oven underneath for the "Sunday roast." One bedroom had a magazine table made of firewood. Above another bed was the photo of a British Army officer, framed. The photo had been found in the dump near-by, then a frame was secured from the same source of supply. A trunk in one of the shacks had also been found in the dump.

Hearing Williams and McCleary address me as "doctor," one of the boys asked my advice about a festered finger. We

had a fine visit with these neighbors. One of them said: "We are not Reds. We, in our class, are as good citizens as any other class, but we are hard up now. When, doctor, do you think this work will start up. We registered to-day."

Then we found a group from Poland, with another class of house. "How do you get along when it rains?" "No bad, no rain through roof." I examined the roof of the lean-to, quite rainproof. Clothes were hanging on a discarded radio aerial wire found in the dump. The leader of the camp, pointing to it, said: "We got radio wire, see, but no radio." In saying good-night, he added, "Englishman in this camp, Irishman, Scot-tishman, Chinese man, Russian-Polish, Canadian—all brothers. No 'chew the rag'."

In a dugout, six feet square, we found five boys reading one magazine by the light of a lamp with a broken chimney, also "found in the dump." A few friendly words and we moved on along the stream. A shout of greeting from two of the men having a midnight bathe, then back to the brick works.

We have probably four hundred neighbors in the Don Valley. They are plain, ordinary folks, "just like you and me," overcome temporarily by unemployment. They did not know who we were, but we were welcomed because we were friendly. We did not hear an oath, and we did not hear a complaint. They did not rail against the Government, or against existing conditions. They are eagerly anticipating the opening up of work following the registration now taking place.

There may be bums in this jungle of ours, but they are the exception. Their best friends may say that some of them would just as soon not work, but I know that the vast majority there are men who are used to work and willing to work. They are normal folks in abnormal circumstances. Their's is the drab comfort of the jungle, because they have no work for the moment and they have no money.

The men paid tribute to the kindness of the people along the Danforth. I feel like adding a word of appreciation to the Don Valley Brick Co.

We walked through Grange Park on the way home. As I walk through this park each morning to my office, I see frequently many men stretched under the trees and on the benches. Last night we counted over 50 in this comparatively small park, lying on newspapers on the benches and along the fences. I presume the other public parks have their quota.

We must be kind in these difficult days, and understanding

and more generous than ever before, and, God helping us, we must seek and find a way to make the jungle an unnecessary part of our civic life. What we saw last night, with all its implications, moved us profoundly. It is not easy to write about it.

Christ, as he gazed upon the city, wept.

THE NEXT STEP

THE Church and State must face this problem of the homeless man with a new attitude and a strong determination to remedy the condition as far as possible. If this state of affairs is allowed to continue, and these thousands of homeless men drift to and fro across this Dominion of Canada, the future will bring a terrible harvest of wasted life. Passing resolutions at conferences, assemblies and parliaments, is not enough. There must be action on the part of the whole Church and the municipal, provincial and federal authorities, because it is a national problem. It is not my purpose to lay down specific rules, theories and regulations, but rather to create a new attitude towards this problem.

As never before the attention of the world is being focused on the problem of unemployment, whether it affects the life of the family or the individual. I, for one, refuse to believe that with all our potential knowledge, skill and wisdom, this problem cannot be solved in this great Canada of ours.

The Church of Jesus Christ must put a new emphasis on the sacredness of personality and any form of social legislation that prevents the full realization of that personality, must be opposed. Selfishness and indifference on the part of the Christian Church are largely to blame for the present condition. We must learn to take Jesus seriously and apply the teachings of His Gospel to every phase of life.

In conclusion, I would quote part of a personal letter which I received from the Right Honorable Ramsay MacDonald. He says:

"My message is that righteousness alone, in all its manifold expressions and applications exalteth a nation, and that great wealth and material prosperity become burdens unless controlled by spiritual power."

What the world needs to-day is the direction of that moral and spiritual power for the creation of a new Christian world order.

SUPPOSE NOBODY CARED

IN THE STORY of the Good Samaritan, Jesus reveals the very heart of the Gospel. He sums it all up in these three words: "He had compassion." Undoubtedly this story has been the main spring, directly and indirectly, for all true works of mercy, philanthropy, and fraternity. Jesus was a Master in the art of word painting, and He has fixed this picture indelibly on the mind of man. Would to God that our actions would equal our knowledge in our dealings with our fellow men. Nobody cared for this unfortunate man left lying in the ditch, bleeding, naked, and to all appearances, dead. Even the priest, the champion of religion, when he drew near, looked at him, but as he did not feel any sense of obligation to lend a hand, he passed by on the other side. The Levite stopped his singing for a moment when he saw the situation, but as this man did not belong to his race or religion, it did not take him long to make up his mind that this was none of his business, and he passed by on the other side.

But, (I want you to notice how much depends on that little word but,) when the Samaritan saw him he had compassion; he cared. We have reason to thank God for that long line of noble, self-sacrificing men and women who have cared for their less fortunate brothers and sisters. One night, while I was addressing several hundred of these homeless men, one of them shouted out, "What is the difference between Christianity and Religion?" I said, "All the difference in the world, my friend. A man may be as full of religion as an egg is full of meat and not have the spirit of Christ in him." Religion without compassion is the coldest thing under Heaven. In the name of religion men have done some hellish things in this world, as history clearly reveals.

Religion has sometimes expressed that spirit which Robert Burns had in mind when he said: "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn." The Church has so often forgotten that man has a body to be cared for as well as a soul to be saved, and that the two must have proper and careful attention. It is only when men have had the true spirit of Christ in them that they have turned aside from their selfishness and indifference to lend a helping hand among the underprivileged and less fortunate members of society.

The complete message of Jesus takes into consideration man's temporal as well as his spiritual needs. "What does it profit," says the Apostle James, "if a man say he hath works?"

Can that faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and in lack of daily food, and one of you say unto them, 'Go in peace,' be ye warmed and filled; and yet ye give them not the things needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead in itself."

There are some Christians who hold the Pilgrim theory of life because it fits in with their theology. It finds expression in the idea that the world is bad, and going to the dogs; therefore our duty is to get through it as quickly as possible, and all the while keep your eye on the pie in the sky.

Can you imagine anything further from the mind of Jesus than that conception of life? This philosophy fitted in with the Pharisees' conception of religion. They could pass by the poor beggars in the streets with the dogs licking their festering sores; they could say their prayers, go to Church. Jesus said: "You must face your duty to God and learn to love your neighbor as yourself."

There is another theory which prevails, the practical view of life. It teaches that we are here for a purpose and there is a work to be done. There are thousands of our fellows who are living in sin. There are others who are victims of circumstances. There are those who have lost the way. Some are in rebellion, some are sad, and some are hopeless, and it is our task in the spirit of the Master not only to rescue the brands from the burning, but as soon as possible to put out the fires which would destroy their lives. What a difference it makes when we care as Jesus cared. He never could look at a group of people but His heart was moved with compassion; He cared. When the Apostle Paul caught the spirit of Jesus, he went out, not caring for himself, but filled with a great zeal and love to be of service to his Master so that he was ready to die for Him. Down through the centuries of time, men have caught that vision and have followed the gleam. This is the spirit that has lifted this old world nearer to Heaven because somebody cared.

It is true in the experience of the missionaries of the Cross; in the experience of St. Patrick, St. Mungo, and St. Andrew, and Frances of Assisi. We have this spirit exemplified in the lives of Hudson Taylor, William Cary, Dr. Grenfell, David Livingstone and Mary Slessor. The great preachers of history, St. Peter, Savonarola, John Knox, John Wesley, Spurgeon and Beecher, or in the lives of the great reformers like Abraham Lincoln, John Bright, Cobden, and Wilberforce. They all cared.

When Charles Dickens saw the conditions in the prisons,

workhouses, schools and factories of his day, he said: "I care," and he awakened the public conscience to its duty. Lord Shaftesbury, after long hours in the House of Parliament, took his lantern and went down under the bridges and along the highways and byways and gathered in the homeless men and boys, because he said: "I care."

When Florence Nightingale heard of the suffering of the British soldiers in the Crimea, she said: "I care"; and she went out and rendered a great service, so that when this Angel of Mercy passed the long rows of wounded soldiers, they turned and kissed her shadow as it fell upon their beds. It was this spirit which stirred the heart of William Booth when he realized the need in darkest England among the poor people of his day. He said: "I care." When John Howard saw the life of the prisoners in England and on the continent, he said: "I care. I want to spend the rest of my life helping my unfortunate brothers and sisters." When Edith Cavell faced the guns of her executions, she said: "Patriotism is not enough; I care."

This is the spirit which has blessed the world, helped to keep it sweet, revealed the spirit of the Master and prevented it from falling into gross selfishness and sin.

What is compassion? Simply the overflow of your better self.

It is that something of the eternal which goes out from us towards suffering humanity. This is what the world needs to-day. We have had an overflow of nationalism, commercialism, science, and education. Now the time has come for an overflow of compassion and goodwill.

"NOT what we have, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare,

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,

Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me."

We can never improve the play by changing the scenery. It is spiritual determinism which ultimately determines all things, and we must aim for that ideal. When we get men to put Christ first, we will take a great step forward to that day when the new world order will be ushered in. An order in which the motive of service and mutual helpfulness will take the place of selfish, heartless, cruel competition which is so rampant in the world to-day.

It is in this spirit and by this power that the problem of the homeless man, can and must be solved.

"Christ claims our help in many a strange disguise;

Now, fever ridden, on a bed he lies;

Homeless he wanders, now beneath the stars;

Now counts the number of his prison bars;

No need have we to climb the heavenly stairs,

And press our kisses on His feet and hands;

In every man that suffers, He, the Man of

Sorrows, stands!"

"WHEN HE SAW THE MULTITUDE HE HAD COMPASSION ON THEM"

THE following article by the Rev. A. E. Roberts, Church Editor of the Vancouver Daily Province who, himself, in former years was associated with the work he so clearly describes, is given here with one object, namely, to arouse the reader's interest and secure his eager co-operation. We can think of no kind of Christian enterprise which more closely resembles the work Jesus Christ did, and would have His followers do. "He went about doing good." "When he saw the multitudes hungry and neglected He had compassion on them" This is what the Rev. Andrew Roddan and his assistants are doing week in and week out, without respect of persons, and without self-seeking.

The United Church of Canada has its men and women on the "firing line" of missionary activity in the foreign field and in the home field, and the work of these servants of God and the Church make a fine appeal, when the story is told, to congregations for the Missionary and Maintenance Fund.

This is essentially true when the work of the men and women at First Church, Vancouver, is told to sympathetic audiences. For Rev. Andrew Roddan and his staff are at work for God in a district that brings many problems to the Church as well as to civic authorities. The onslaught of sin and the forces of evil against the powers of righteousness and decent citizenship is centered, as far as Vancouver is concerned, very largely around First Church.

Then, too, the dire need of many of the families touched by the workers of First Church makes a strong appeal to the sympathy and understanding kindness of the workers. The homeless and the wanderer in these days of distress and world-wide unemployment, seem to find their way down to the centre of the city, and often find their way to the understanding heart of Mr. Roddan, until one wonders how long his strong physique will be able to stand the strain of so much drain upon vitality.

First Church stands as a beacon of light in the midst of a storm-tossed world, pointing the way to a second chance in life, winning back the wanderer to his rightful place in the home circles; lifting families from the depth of despair to a new courage in life; and bringing to little, neglected children a touch of the good and beautiful in life.

At the heart of the work the Sunday services, under the

winsome appeal and the strong truths of Rev. Andrew Roddian's sermons make possible all the other work of the week-days, so filled with expressions of the church's thought for the down-cast and the "under dog." Recently so crowded were the Sunday evening services that Mr. Roddian attempted to duplicate the work, and for a few weeks held two services each Sunday evening. The physical impossibility of this effort was soon apparent, and it had to be dropped, but while it lasted the experiment showed that Mr. Roddian's message touched the hearts of a larger congregation than can get into First Church auditorium at one time.

The Sunday services, with their crowded congregations and the radio broadcast every Sunday morning over the United Church station, CKFC, are well known to the general public, but even United Church congregations do not know about the many-sided activities of every week-day.

To begin with, there is the Kindergarten—the "Miniature League of Nations"—with anywhere from fifteen to twenty different nationalities represented in the group, meeting each morning. The development of this work has proved a most interesting study. In 1914 Central Methodist Church, later the Turner Institute and now amalgamated with First Church, began Kindergarten work with the deaconess, Miss Whitehead, in charge. In 1916 a full-time Kindergarten worker was employed, and that year First Presbyterian Church began a similar work. For many years there were two flourishing groups of little children who "graduated" into the public school, and were received with delight by the teachers there, for they had learned to work and play with other children, and were consequently easy to teach.

The Kindergarten at First Church is the direct descendant of these early ventures, and under the direction of Miss M. W. Morris, with Mrs. W. Forbes as pianist, the little ones receive wonderful training for future life in the public and high schools.

Then there is the work for girls, following along the lines of the Canadian Girls in Training and club work under capable direction of lady workers, who take a personal interest in each girl and endeavor to train them for life in the home, the office and the church.

For many years the Boys' Department has been under the leadership of Mr. Andrew B. Turner, a man who has devoted his whole spare time to the development of the best life for the boys of the neighborhood. Ministers have come and gone;

social workers and paid assistants have taken their part in the work and passed on to other fields, but "Andy" Turner goes steadily on in his fine work for and with boys.

The trophies, medals and ribbons won by Turner's boys in the athletic field make a fine showing, and in training them for this field of endeavor, the boys are given a finer sense of fair play and right living, and grow up to take their place in the world as leaders of other boys following after them.

For the children there is a story hour twice a week in which good use of the lantern is made and the children interested in the good literature, and taught the higher way of living through the many fine stories written for youngsters in these days.

Again, there is the work for mothers at First Church. And when the mothers are mentioned, immediately the name of Mrs. J. C. Pentland comes to mind. Mrs. Pentland has been head of the work for women for many years, and all the homes of the neighborhood know this kindly, gentle soul who goes in and out among the people with her message of hope and courage. The people all know they have a good friend in Mrs. Pentland, and many a sad story is poured into her sympathetic ears. Troubles are smoothed over or brought to the attention of the proper authorities; cases are brought to the "clinic" of First Church where the wisdom of many helps to solve many a problem. But always there is sympathy, always there is help for the needy and a quiet pointing to the Saviour of the World.

In connection with First Church there is the Vancouver Community House at Georgia and Campbell Avenue, which ministers to a crowded neighborhood. Here the White Shield Mothers' Club meets; also there are children's clubs of various kinds and a reading room with a supply of children's books and magazines.

For the summer time First Church has a splendid camp at Fircom Point on Gambier Island, where parties of mothers and children are taken for a "fresh air" outing of a week or ten days, and where there are organized camps for boys and girls at different periods. This work has made a strong appeal to the sympathies of the people of Vancouver and has been accepted as part of the Welfare Federation. The atmosphere of the Church is kept throughout the periods of play and rest enjoyed, so that on the return to the city the girls, boys and mothers are better in mind, body and spirit.

The Welfare Department of First Church deserves an ar-

tie by itself. There is a regular system of collection of cast-off clothing, boots and useful articles, which are prepared for distribution to needy families, as the case may arise. The appeal of Mr. Roddan and the workers for support of the public meets with good response, but just now the establishment of a properly organized "Good-will Industries" Department is being considered.

Just at this season of the year Christmas Cheer is of uppermost consideration, and preparation is being made to send the usual hamper to a large number of families. In this work First Church co-operates with other agencies that there may be no overlapping, and that no family may be left without a good hamper at the festive season. But the motto of Mr. Roddan and his workers is "Christmas Cheer all the year, from January to December," and the effort is made to supply the need as it arises.

An exceedingly interesting part of the work of Rev. Andrew Roddan is his "Minister's Clinic," at which he receives men and women who are fighting against circumstances, or against sin, and who desire the assistance of one who has a big heart and a sympathetic understanding. In one year 14,718 people passed through the clinic and office.

Mr. Roddan's work for men is well known in Vancouver and his championship of the unemployed and needy has won for him a high esteem in the minds of citizens. When there did not seem to be any way to help the man who could not help himself, Mr. Roddan organized noon-lunches for the hungry and a constant procession of men passed through the doors to be given at least one meal a day. In every sense Mr. Roddan is a "man's man" and deals in a frank and fearless manner with matters of public interest.

These sketches of the work at First Church give but a faint idea of the many activities which tax the strength of every member of the staff and reach out to those who need the Church most. To understand the great work fully, it should be seen in action, and once seen, sympathy and understanding would be aroused. "*The Church of the Open Door*" is a good name for First Church.

—FROM "THE WESTERN RECORDER."

THE NINETY AND NINE

By MARIE JAUSSAYE

*"There are ninety and nine who must live and die
In hunger and want and cold,
That one may reel in luxury,*

*Enveloped in its silken fold.
And the one owns houses and gold and lands,
But the ninety and nine have empty hands.*

*"They build the palaces, stately and fair,
They labor in field and mine;*

*And all that is costly and grand and rare
Is wrought by the ninety and nine.
Yet the rulers own all the houses and lands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.*

*"That the rich man's coffers may never lack gold
They loose the red hounds of war
And the angels weep 'round the Great White Throne
For the woes of the Sorrowful Star.*

*And the feasts of the mighty are red with wine,
Poured from the veins of the ninety and nine.*

"Sometimes they wonder if God is dead,

*Or if He has refused to hear
The prayers of His people; but God has heard,*

*And the hour is drawing near
When all shall gleam in the common field,
Sharing alike in the harvest yield.*

*"And Greed and Labor shall strive no more,
For Greed will be overthrown,*

*And the Scales of Justice shall balance at last,
And Labor shall have her own;*

*And the builders will own whatever they build,
And the hands of the ninety and nine be filled.*